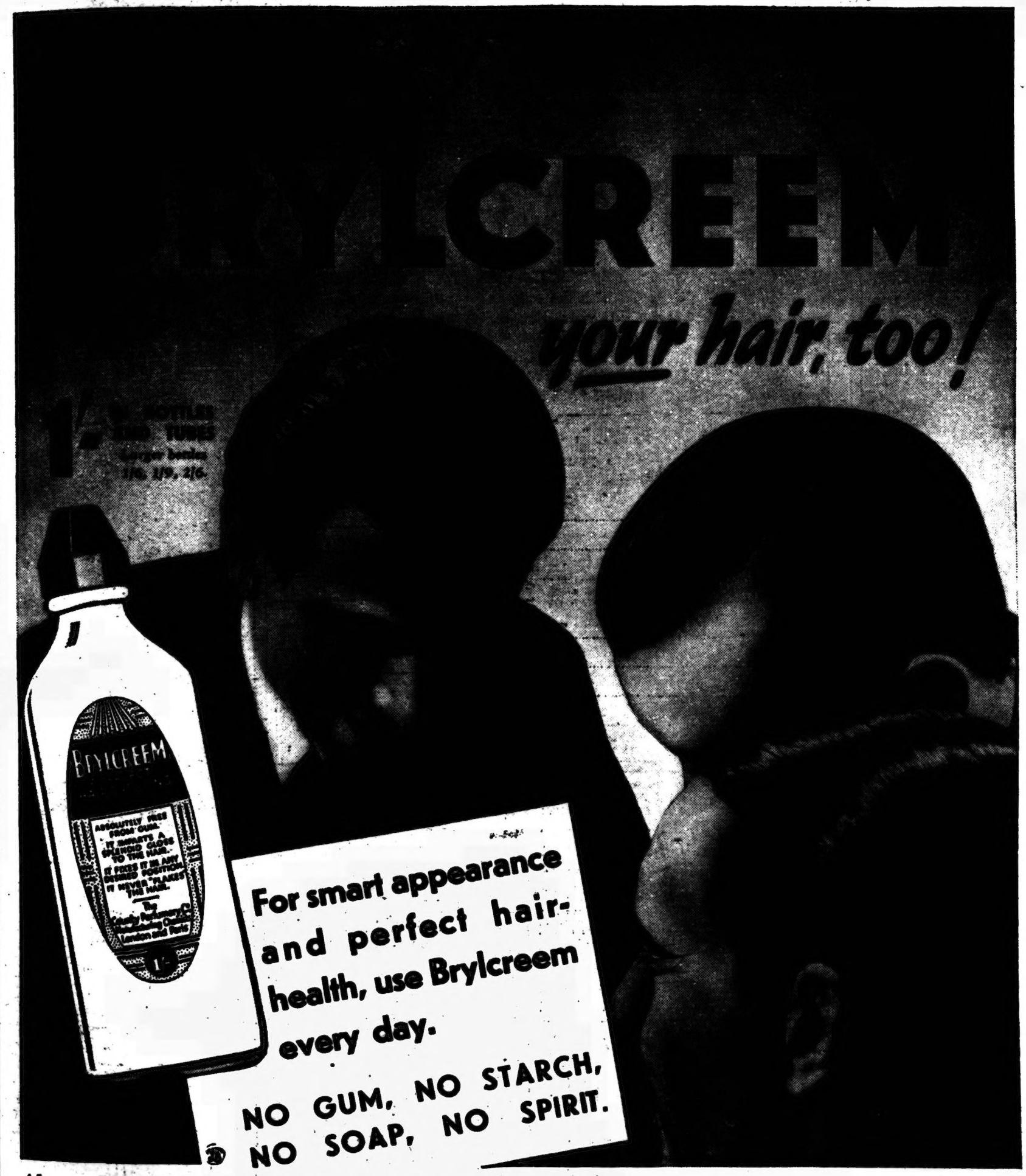
JOHN BULL

TWOPENCE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your hair, too!
1/- BOTTLES AND TUBES
Larger bottles 2/6, 3/9, 5/6.
BRYLCREEM
ABSOLUTELY FREE FROM GUM. IT IMPARTS A SPLENDID GLOSS TO THE HAIR. IT FIXES IT IN ANY DESIRED POSITION. IT NEVER FLAKES THE HAIR.
1/-
For smart appearance and perfect hair-health, use Brylcreem every day.
NO GUM, NO STARCH, NO SOAP, NO SPIRIT.

Also use **BRYLFOAM** *the family shampoo in handy sixpenny tubes, sufficient for 3 luxurious hair-health shampoos.*

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CYCLES 65/- CASH

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SPECIAL SPRING REDUCTIONS

ASK FOR CATALOGUE "E" Green, Lean-to, Rich, Cream, Portico, Army Hut.

THE "GALATE" GREENHOUSE

FREE DELIVERY ENG. & WALES	Lth.	Wth.	Ht.	Cash	Dep.	10 Pts.
	6ft	4	6½	£2.15.0	5/-	5/7
	7½	4	6½	£3.5.0	5/6	6/1
	10	6½	7	£4.15.0	6/6	8/10

THAMES UTILITY BUILDINGS, 7, WEST ST., ERITH, KENT. (Propr.: Thames Steam Saw Mills, Ltd.) (Est. 40 years.) 'Phone: Erith 2272-3

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STEEL TIED ROOFS STEEL BRACED CORNERS

Lgth.	Width.	Ht.	Cash	Dep.	12 Pts.
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6	6	6½	90/-	5/6	5/6
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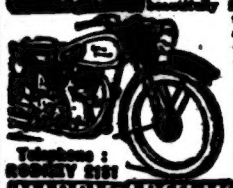

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Actual size

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You've often wanted a pencil to write in different colours. Knowing how expensive they are, would you accept one FREE? To popularise our famous 3-shade lines "Hotel-Life" 100% Shaftless Razor Blades, we are offering 10 gross of a limited stock of these handsome SIX-SIDED Rights turned, chrome plated, multi-colour pencils complete with clip and guaranteed 5 years ABSOLUTELY FREE with every packet of 12 blades for 1/6, plus 4d. for post. Pencil alone easily worth 7/6. Send P.O. 1/6 now for 12 blades and Free Pencil.

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12	7	132/6	7/6	11/1
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9	6	70/-	6/-	6/3
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25/- (WORTH 45/-)

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Perfect Cut and Fit. Over 200 New Season's cloths to choose from. 25 years' reputation for square dealing. Don't send money now, but write for Free Art Catalogue, Patterns and Easy Self-Measure Chart—see what you buy. If you do not consider the suit supplied well worth 25/-, we return your money plus 2/- for your trouble in sending. H. THORN & CO., Dept. J.B.1, 14, Pilgrim Bridge, W. Croydon, Surrey.

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20 BATTERIES—20 WIRES—ARDENT LEVERET INVISIBLE. Try the most valuable new model Amplivoice. NO OTHER CHARGES—NO RENEWALS—PERFECT HEARING. 7th right inside the ear. Complete in Wonderful Purse. Price only £2 2s. or call elsewhere at £5-5-0. The greatest seller ever made to the deaf.

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These super quality All Wool Blankets never visible dusk, cream, Rose Bordered, coloured ends. 60 x 80ins. 6/9. Pure White Pillow Cases with Rose Embossed ends. 30 x 36ins. 4/9. Pure White Bolster Case to match, 20 x 40ins. 4/9. Pure White Flannel Blankets, coloured ends, 70 x 90ins. 6/9. Pure Grey Wool Blankets, coloured ends, 70 x 90ins. 6/9. Super quality Turkish Absorbent Towels, Cream or coloured borders, 22 x 42ins. 1/6 each. Super quality Turkish Absorbent Bath Towels, 52 x 54ins. 3/6 each.

4/- Monthly. 62/-

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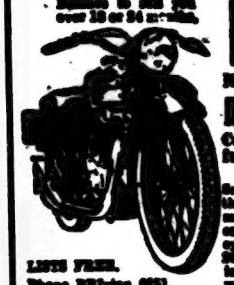

Balance to suit you over 18 or 36 months.

Now 1938 250 c.c. O.H.V. **RED PANTHER £35**

Complete dynamo lighting fully equipped & guaranteed 500 c.c. model £39.10.0.

Save time, save and money with the most reliable and economical motor-cycle ever produced. Ideal for commuters, sun, motor-cycle or cycle. 2,000 other bargains from 25/- deposit, 5/- weekly. 3rd party insurance only. Also all other 1938 makes and models on similar terms.

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Take a lesson from country folk—the scythe is best. Cuts WET or DRY grass twice as quickly as shears without stooping or backache. Gets where mower cannot be used—sloping banks, narrow borders, awkward corners, around trees, rockeries, etc. Fitted keen razor-edge tempered steel 9 in. blade in non-rust holder, this improved Scythe can even be used by ladies without fatigue. Complete with long handle and sheath to protect blade. FREE SHARPENER and easy directions. Send NOW. P.O. 3/- to:

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Cannot be obtained elsewhere. This shoe is easy to put on and take off. Stocked with Shoe Kid or Rox Calf Uppers, medium or round toes. Good leather soles, WELTED. Suitable for work or best. WORTH TREBLE. Comfort Assured. All sizes, 12 and 13 no extra.

Price Per **10/11**

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Made in the only word for it. We challenge any tailor to produce a more perfect crease. Miles better than any Press. Makes baggiest trousers hang with faultless knife creases, and takes only 2 minutes to use as shown. No sewing, sponge or wires. Looks fine. Everlasting wear. *Worth its weight in gold to smart men.*

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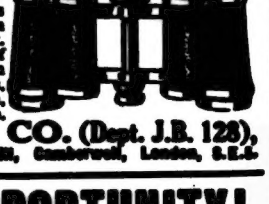

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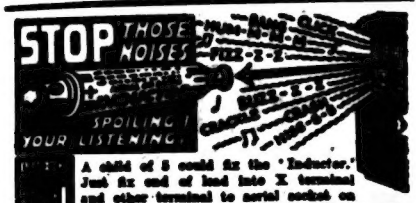
STOP THOSE NOISES SPOILING YOUR LISTENING!



A child of 5 could fix the 'Inductor.' Just fix end of lead into X terminal and other terminal to aerial socket on set. No soldering, no alterations—it goes outside set. Interference, oscillation, "jamming," hum and all unwanted noises cease immediately, giving clear mellow tone. All makes of sets without exception will be improved with one of these. No upkeep. Lasts for ever. Thousands of testimonials received. Price 1/6 only post free. Money back if dissatisfied. Send 1/6 Postal Order to-day (stamps not accepted).

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Holt's OVRHAUL gives benefits similar to an expensive ring and rebore job at a fraction of the cost—in only a few minutes' time. A single application is good up to 10,000 miles. When applied through spark-plug holes, it quickly plates worn rings and cylinders, giving increased compression, new power, speed, as well as big savings on oil and petrol. Ovrhaul contains no mica, graphite or abrasive. It cannot harm the finest engine. O.K.'d by the entire Motor Press and 400,000 users. Stocked by Halford's 240 shops, Gamages, James Grose, Ltd., etc. Your usual garage can supply. For free sample of raw material and copies of Test Reports send this advt. to the Sole Concessionaires for Gt. Britain:—

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A PIANO ACCORDION BAND FOR 1/9

Gorgeous PIANO-ACCORDION effects produced with this ACCORDION-HARP HARMONICA—tones the tonal quality and volume of ordinary mouth-organ. Its harmonious chords and rich powerful bass and treble notes like a mighty organ, give endless pleasure. Surprisingly easy to play—Highly polished spacious tonal chamber bound handsome nacreous mother-of-pearl with plated fittings.

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NO UNDERSTRAPS. NO HIP PRESSURE

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This latest invention of Mr. W. Hendon, L.A.M., A.M.A., entirely does away with understraps. The Pads are held firmly in position and cannot possibly slip no matter how sudden or violent the movement; and there is no pressure on the hips whatever. It weighs only few ounces and is extremely comfortable to wear—particularly in warm weather. Suitable for both mild and very severe cases. The famous Hendon Pads are constructed to give more protection to the lowest and weakest part and aid nature to heal the Rupture. Why suffer any longer? Test this wonderful invention FREE for seven days. Send no money. Approved Rupture widely above the full normal. Fitting Free. Write for booklet or call—

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7/3 POST 3?

2/- POST FREE

These body belts are made from fine-ribbed Woolly material, well-ventilated, adjustable to fit comfortably lower part of back for protection against Colds, Chills, etc. Prevents Kidney Weakness, Lumbago, etc., and gives general support to the stomach muscles. All breast size and perfect—worth many times our price. Send now to take advantage of this exceptional offer.

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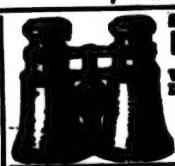

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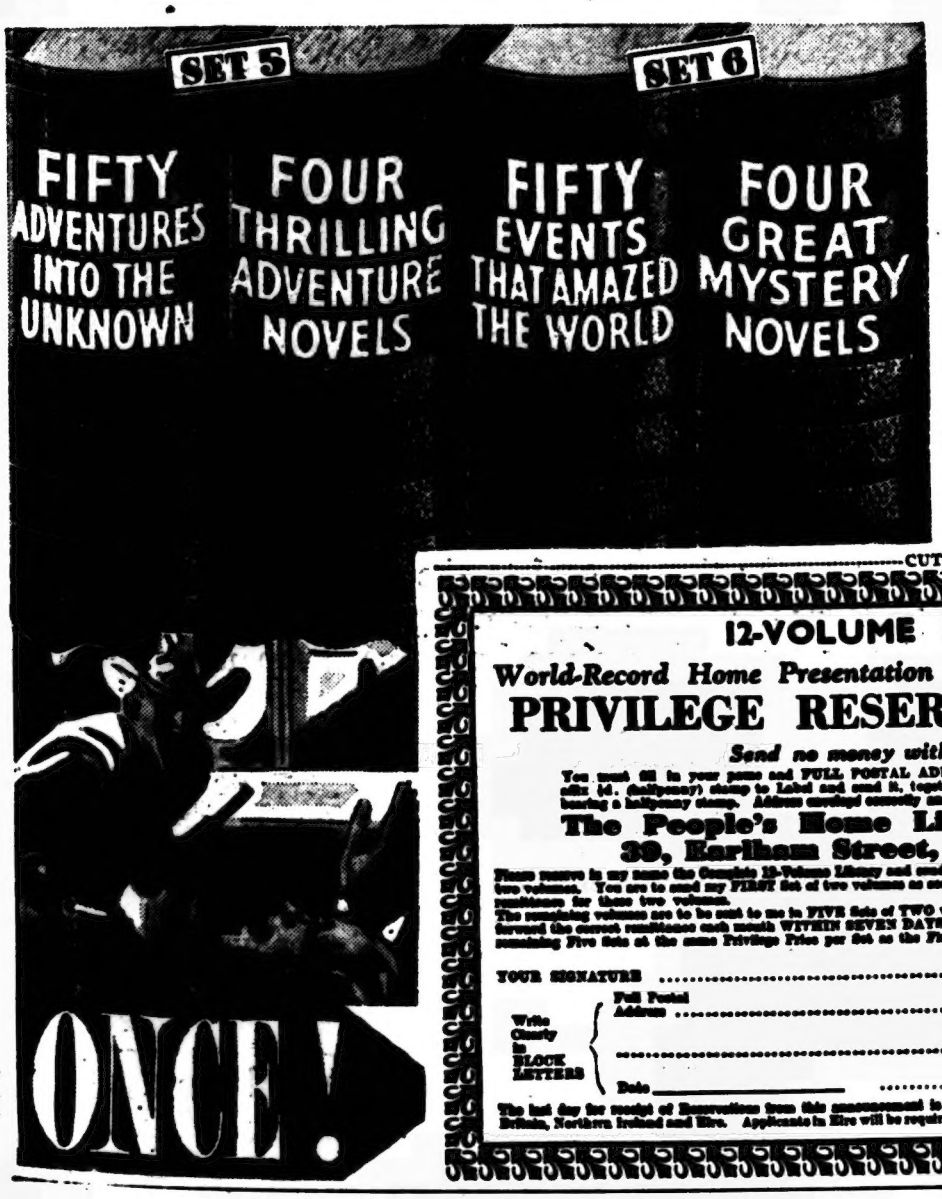

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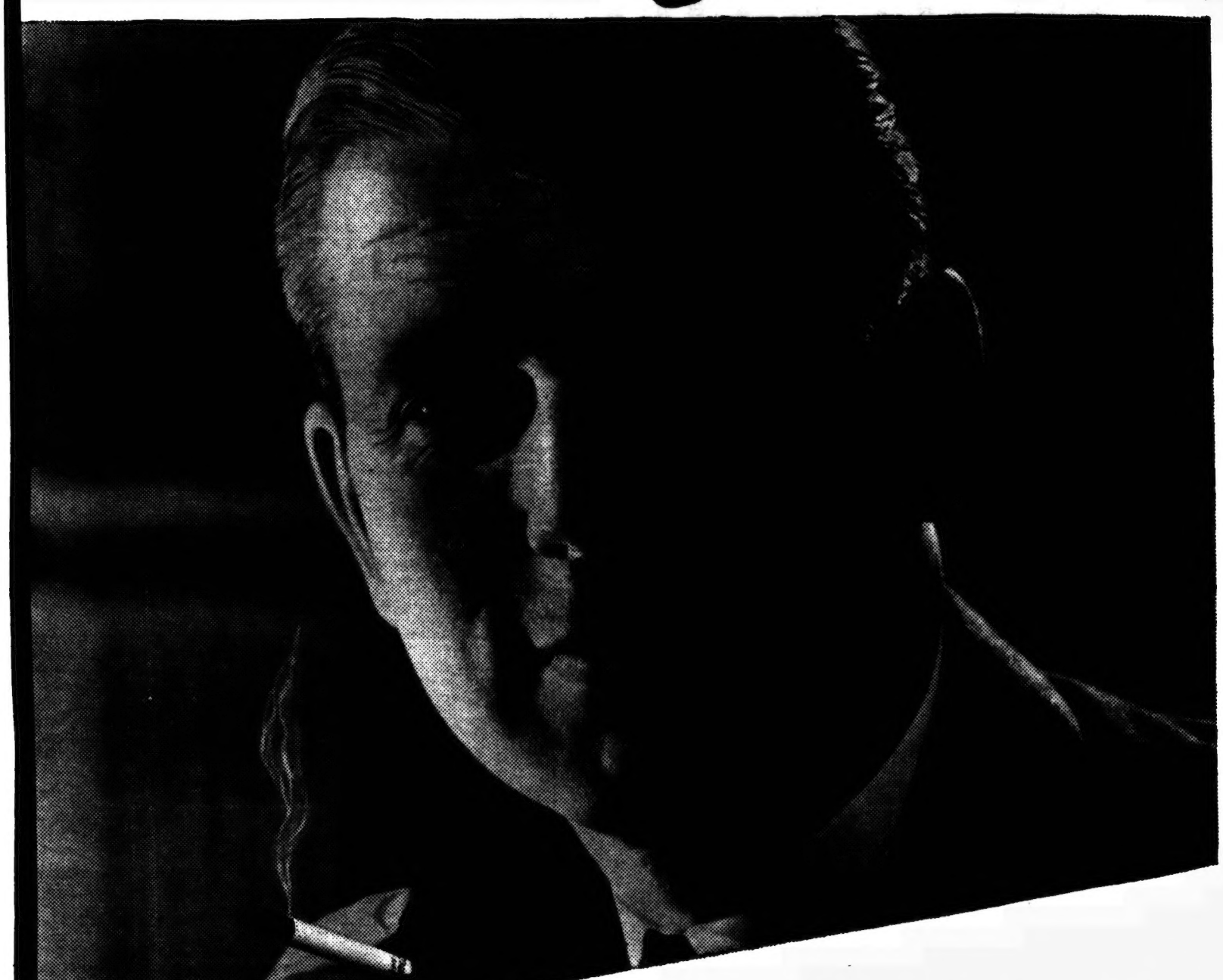

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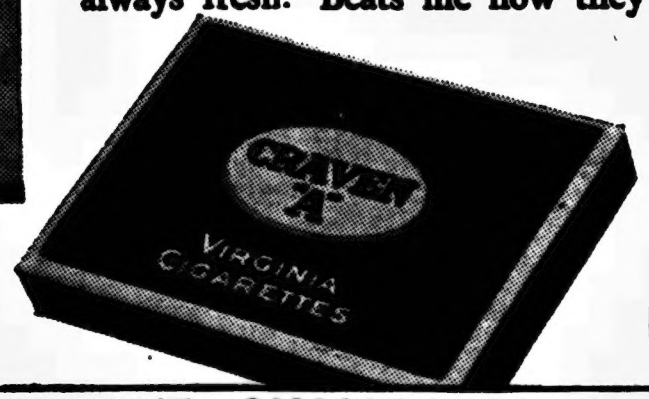

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STRAIGHT FROM

Big Tax-
Mr. Hor
Why No

So there *is* something wr
civil aviation.

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Do you wonder? It's go
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Everybody has ideas the

JOHN BULL

A BRITISH INSTITUTION

93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.
Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.
Thursday, for week ending
Saturday, March 19, 1938.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

Big Tax-dodgers Need Chancellor's Eye
Mr. Hore-Belisha's Gift to Soldiers
Why Not Cheaper Civil Flying?

So there *is* something wrong with civil aviation.

The Cadman Committee tells us so in a report that reads like an admirable re-hash of JOHN BULL aviation disclosures over the last ten years.

And thus years of Government denials are in turn denied.

Want Cheap Flying

To us, the question "What's wrong with civil aviation?" boils down to "Why can't the Briton fly at little over tuppence a mile, like his American cousin?"

Cheap flying has been the solution of the problem all along.

None of the culprits blamed by the Cadman Committee could have given that cheap flying. But the Government could.

Subsidies—for the Rich!

Its subsidies helped the man who wanted to fly to Poona, or to Africa for huntin' and fishin'.

But for the ordinary everyday man who would like to fly to Blackpool, or Scarborough, or Edinburgh, or some such place—not a penny. That's why internal air journeys cost 2½d. to 9d. a mile.

Elusive Aerodromes

"But distances are smaller in Britain," says the inveterate Government apologist. "Therefore flying doesn't save a lot of time. And that means fewer people fly, and costs are higher."

If that is so, say we, why the deuce are our aerodromes built miles from big centres, so that an hour saved in the air is wasted in motoring between towns and aerodromes?

No Airport Development!

The Government has given scant consideration to aerodromes.

It could have saved Stag Lane aerodrome, which has fallen to the builder. It isn't faster to fly from London now, unless you are going a very long way.

Even to-day, despite the piety with which it accepts the Cadman report, it says: "We can't agree with the suggestion that we should subsidise airport development."

Enterprise Pays

We even blame the Government in large measure for the obsolete machines of this company, the foreign machines of that.

The U.S. Government spent money on popularising internal flying. It created a demand for better aircraft. Soon the whole world bought 'em. And it has paid America tenfold.

So don't let's have our Government Big Pot telling the kettle it is black.

Ideas—for other Fellows!

Soon as the civil aviation rumpus has died down a bit, Budget talk will fill the air.

Do you wonder? It's going to be a thousand million pound Budget.

Everybody has ideas the Chancellor should adopt—most of them selfish ideas, aimed at making the other fellow pay.

Leaving Well Alone

We see no point at all in putting ideas in the Chancellor's head.

Income tax has yielded him £30,000,000 more. National Defence Contribution will be £30,000,000, as against £1,000,000. He has a nest-egg of £80,000,000—money borrowed under the Defence Loan and not yet used.

So let's encourage him to leave us alone, if it is at all possible.

Catch the Tax-dodger

Still, we'll present him with one idea—he ought to go after the tax-dodgers first.

There are more of them than ever, despite efforts to close all such revenue leakages.

Craftiest newcomer is the man who escapes super-tax entirely by covenanting to pay to trustees all his income in excess of £2,000—for a beneficiary who will never receive the money!

New Twister Type

Another new type of twister creates a holding company in a country where there is no income tax—or very little.

Many such one-man companies are cropping up in Palestine, Lichtenstein, Luxembourg and Switzerland.

These holding companies receive the income from securities, where tax is not deducted at source, and pay it back to the owner in the form of capital.

Tax-shark's Game

The wage-earner has never found a watertight method of tax-dodging.

Can it be that he is a fool? We don't think so.

It is because he is brought up to regard tax-dodging as something wicked, while the millionaire tax-shark is encouraged to believe he is merely taking part in a battle of wits with the Treasury.

Good Justice

All in one day the Appeal Court has quashed four convictions and reduced four sentences. A record!

At the very next sitting another conviction went west, another sentence was reduced.

And—whatever your first thoughts may be—that's a fine tribute to British justice.

Liberty and Freedom

As far as eight of those ten prisoners were concerned, we don't suppose they had £100 between them.

Yet the dock-door opened and they were ushered to liberty and freedom that a million pounds couldn't have bought them.

It couldn't happen anywhere else in the world.

L.C.J.'s Record

Few people realise the comfort it is to our judges to know their decisions are open to review.

The Lord Chief Justice, for instance, had his first case quashed of all the thousands he has tried. Yet another record!

And without a doubt he is feeling glad his brother judges had a chance of expressing their views on a very difficult case.

New Kind of Prayer

We're not as proud of the news sent by Mr. Throssell, of Lydgate Lane, Sheffield.

His daughter went to a Sunday-school service at which the special prayer was offered for the Mayfair boys: "May they be given courage to bear their heavy sentences."

Other people get heavy sentences. But, not being Mayfair boys, it is probable they are not worth praying for.

Is there Plenty!

For one moment we thought that equally thoughtful was the remark of Mr. G. W. Townend, chairman of Goole bench.

He said, "there is plenty of work if it is searched for diligently." This to two out-of-work miners who appeared before him.

Then it occurred to us: *Perhaps he's the Minister of Labour we've been waiting for!*

Thinks in Pennies

Since the Army Estimates were introduced the unemployed wish they had Mr. Hore-Belisha as Labour Minister.

When they think of that increased Army pay, 10s. a week extra for a wife, bigger allowances for children, milk, butter, and more besides, their senses reel. Specially with Navy and Air Force following the example.

But they've only got Mr. Brown, and he thinks in pennies.

Black Story

Does your coal explode? Do you find it plentifully admixed with stone and shale? Are there fossils in your scuttle?

Then you must be puzzled about those gigantic plants installed at collieries for extracting impurities from coal.

Point is that domestic consumers don't necessarily matter.

Judge for Yourself

Now if you were a commercial consumer and paid substantially lower prices you could be certain your coal would be cleansed, graded and tested, and the degree of purity guaranteed before delivery. As it is—well, you know your own coal best.

Miscast for Part

Which reminds us that, in Devon and Cornwall in particular, the practice of employing local vicars as police-court probationers (part-time) is growing.

This is difficult, responsible work, calling for all the two years' training probation officers are now being given.

And parish work is no training whatsoever for the job.

They all Protest!

On this subject, we learn the Home Secretary is to remind magistrates to be more sensible in fixing the terms of probation orders. He has some extraordinary cases on file.

Silence of Sphinx

A man of forty-two was actually ordered to go twelve months without speaking a word to the wife who shared his roof.

There is no mention how he took the sentence!

Why not Sackcloth also!

Then, two boys threw stones at a Lincolnshire church. Condition of probation was that they presented themselves at the church-door during service-time for a certain number of Sundays, and walked penitently, hedged round by candles, to the altar.

In the Middle Ages? Those boys are still hardly out of their teens!

Bill of Fare—This Week's Best:

Stalin's Drug of Death - - - - - - p. 9
by Sir Wyndham Childs
Crooks of the World Crisis - - - - pp. 10 and 11
Muzzlers' Threat to our Press - - p. 15
by A. G. Gardiner
Excursion—Sequel to "Ghost Train" p. 21
by Arnold Ridley
Two Million Jobs Going Begging - pp. 22 and 23
Racing—New Season's Reforms - - p. 24

Write to "John Bull" About It!

● Special this week! John Bull Readers write all about

TAKING Greek history with my class of eight-year-old boys, I explained that the slave system gave the governing classes the leisure essential to develop culture.

Later, in an examination, I asked: "What is necessary for the growth of culture?" and the answer: "Enough of everything" was quite as good as the answer I expected.—Miss Nancy Collins, 96, Hazelwood Lane, London, N.13.

* * *

WHAT good is it our teachers giving us a good grounding in geography when leading song-writers can move whole towns for the sake of a rhyme?

For instance: "And before she left Killarney, did your mother kiss the blarney . . .?" And school teaches us the blarney stone is 40 miles from Killarney.—G. S. S., Wallington, Surrey.

* * *

MY schoolgirl daughter aged thirteen is the average type of girl student, has been at school since four and a half.

Yet she doesn't know who brought tobacco to this country, how a knight is made, who was King of England before George V, or who is our present Prime Minister. She thinks his name is Roosevelt. So much for modern education.—Bruce Wilson, 1, Magla Villas, Warberry Road West, Torquay.

* * *

FAMOUS school of motoring was teaching me to drive, and just as I was going to cross on the green lights a cyclist dashed right across my path.

"That's the kind of silly fool you've got to be on the look-out for," said the instructor.

And it was my own boy friend.—Miss G. Webb, 5b, Central Parade, London, S.E.6.

* * *

MY school, a technical college, has solved the problem of Homework Without Tears.

That given out on a Monday is not wanted until the next Monday. Tuesday's homework is for the next Tuesday. And so on. We can keep clear for Scouts, pictures, etc., whatever evenings we like.—Robert Carter, aged 16, 101, Upton Park Road, Forest Gate, London, E.7.

* * *

I AM nine years old, but I cannot attend school. You see I have been deprived of the use of any limbs except my right foot since birth.

Mother is my teacher, and so I can colour pictures, operate my electric train, and work my own wireless set.

And I have learnt to type with the toes of my right foot, which makes it possible for me to type this little letter to the readers of JOHN BULL.—Peter Odell, "Ayedale," 20, St. John's Grove, Redcar.

* * *

AS a schoolboy of fourteen doomed to learn history back to the days of Cæsar and getting a bit muddled in the process, I go pale when I think of the schoolboy of 3938. What a lot he will have to learn—especially as we seem to be making more history than of old.—J. Macdonald, 15, Innes Street, Inverness.

* * *

SHOWING his class a "situations vacant" ad., a local teacher asked them to write a suitable application.

The youngest who wrote: "Dear Sir,—Regarding that post, I shall do my very best to please you, and I hope you will do the same," seems to hold the secret of harmony in industry.—James Doyle, 95, Avenue Road, Gateshead, Co. Durham.

VOICE OF THE PEOPLE

CALLING on some friends, I was introduced to a girl of sixteen, a secondary school scholar. She was told, quite casually, that I was a pilot.

After I had left she said quite seriously to her father: "I didn't know there were any pirates left nowadays."—W. Prince, Senior Admiralty Pilot, Rosyth.

And so Gilbert and Sullivan's "Pirates of Penzance" becomes true. You know: A boy intended as a pilot was apprenticed to a pirate instead—till his twenty-first birthday. And as he was born on February 29, pirates claimed him till he was eighty-four!

Bogus Birthdays

My little daughter was born at 12.15 a.m. on May 19, 1927—according to law. But if there had been no daylight saving her hour of birth would have been 11.15 p.m., and the day May 18.

Think what a muddle there will be if ever daylight saving is rescinded, which would mean we would take our day of birth by the sun.—Mrs. M. P., High Street, Flitton, Bedford.

Twelve thousand people born every year have birthdays changed by daylight saving. But no muddle would result if law were changed. Birthdays would remain as given on birth certificates.

He Means Shylock

I wonder whether taxpayers realise in what a horrible way limbless ex-Service men are assessed for pension. I get 24s. a week because my left arm stump is seven inches. If I had six inches my pension would be 28s.

Who else was it who measured flesh in pounds?—F. H. Bullen, 61, Linley Crescent, Romford, Essex.

"John Bull" has frequently dealt with this grossly unfair method of assessment. What's more, we have wrested arrears of £2,000 on behalf of readers who have lost limbs. Statutorily, these cases are now closed, but we have been able to get pension increases quite recently where the cases presented special features.

Clock "Watcher"

I can wake myself at any hour without the aid of an alarm-clock.

I tap out the chosen time on my pillow with my head. For instance, if I want to get up at 7 a.m., I strike the pillow seven times with my skull—and it always acts. Is there any explanation?—"Early Bird," 33, Lady Grey's Walk, Wollaston, Stourbridge, Worcs.

Point is that you fix in your mind the hour you want to rise and, subconscious mind being a better timekeeper than conscious mind, you make no mistake.

Try dispensing with the head-tapping and just concentrating. It should work equally well.

Hurricane House

When the policeman came along a local street delivering rates summonses, one prospective recipient hid behind his door with the fire bellows.

Ten times did that policeman push the summons under the door, and each time the occupant puffed it out again. The comedy ended with the policeman rising and saying: "And if I lived in a draughty hole like that I wouldn't hurry to pay my rates either."—Mrs. Ingle, Lilac Cottage, Clifton, near York.

People go to all sorts of pains to avoid touching rates summonses, believing service is avoided until they handle them. Idea is quite wrong.

Final "Y"

When a friend of mine was told by his wife the other day that Mrs. So-and-So was in bed with quinsy, their little daughter got quite excited about it.

"Does she have to look after them all, and did she have to buy them all, and do they all look alike, like those

quins we saw in the paper?" she asked.—F. C. W., St. Thomas Road, Erdington, Birmingham.

Even in Persia, Siam and Japan children know all about quins, who are featured in Press of every newspaper in the world.

It Isn't True

Notice this about our gallant little York cup-fighters?—

SpoOner
PlNder
WharTon
DuckwOrth
Wass
HughEs
CoMrie
Baines
EarL
BarrEtt
HathwaY

—A. Grayston, 19, Temple Avenue, Tang Hall, York.

This letter was written before York City were knocked out of the Cup last week. Still, a slight rearrangement produces the prophecy "near Wembley"—which is truer.

10s. the Lot

Do readers realise their radio licences entitle them to listen-in to two B.B.C. stations only—the nearest? Hearing the others is make-weight. They have no real right to hear them.

I am assured this by Post Office engineers who have come to trace interference to my set, who say they are only concerned with interference to a subscriber's local Regional station and the National station.—Mrs. E. Emerson, 25, Roselea Drive, Crossens, Southport, Lancs.

A widely held misapprehension, and here is how it arises: Post Office's 300 interference-searchers search for local interferences, which is all they can hope to do. Thus they test your set for interference on the National and the nearest Regional stations. If something is spoiling your local reception, it will spoil your long-distance reception as well. But if long-distance reception alone is affected—why, interference might be hundreds of miles away.

Manna from Mamma

"That's the paper man," I said as I heard the gate slam. So I tossed a silver coin to my three-year-old son, bade him give it to the gentleman and not forget the change—and sat down to wait.

A long silence making me suspicious, I went to the door. I shall never forget the look of gratitude on that tramp's face as he closed my gate and marched away.—Mrs. Juson, 38, Auckland Road, Reading.

Readers often claim Reading, address of above reader, to be most tramp-infested of all English towns. It is on direct route from London to the West Country, part of England said to be tramps' paradise.

Sackcloth Corner

"Voice of the People" suggests that a reader's coin bearing the words "To Hanover" was a skit against the Prince Consort. But the medallion was issued in 1837, and Victoria did not marry till 1840.

The British Museum holds that when, in 1837, Ernest Augustus, Duke of Cumberland succeeded to the throne of Hanover, but not that of England, his disappointment was satirised in small medalets. They appear to have been used as card-counters.—Harold E. Dudley, Curator of Scunthorpe (Lincs) Borough Museum.

* * *

"Voice of the People" says married men live longer than single. My suggestion is that it merely seems longer.—A. Wattecamps, 43, Watermead Road, London, S.E.6.

Do you know . . .

we pay 10s. 6d. for each letter published, and an extra 10s. 6d. if we use your photograph or drawing illustrating the story?

You may write upon absolutely any subject you wish.

But, whatever the subject, please keep your letters brief.

Mark your envelope "Voice of the People."

Address your communications to JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. And there are other pages where your co-operation is cordially welcomed—pages where you can help us to help you. . . .

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Greatest of These— ..... Page 38

Stalin

Stalin's Drug of Death

Why Rakovsky and Russian leaders "confess" and convict themselves

by Major-Gen. Sir Wyndham Childs

I HAVE been asked to throw what light I can on the latest trial at Moscow of former Soviet chiefs who have been hastening their own destruction by indulging in orgies of self-accusation and abasement.

The limelight has been unexpectedly cast on me this time.

I suppose that is why I have been appealed to so often in the past week to divulge my knowledge of happenings connected with Russia.

For long after the historic Arcos raid nearly eleven years ago—and at recurrent intervals more recently—I received from all parts of th world books, pamphlets or newspaper cuttings.

These vilified me in all languages for the part which I played in stemming Communist conspiracy in Great Britain.

Always, of course, the allusions have been to my former work as Assistant Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police and head of the Special Branch of Scotland Yard.

They referred particularly, however, to the consequences of that raid which I led in 1927 on the headquarters of the Soviet trading organisation in this country.

But I was utterly astounded the other day when I was handed the cabled report from Moscow of the trial of the men charged with treason, espionage, sabotage, and what not.

I could scarcely trust my sight or senses when I read that Rakovsky, late Russian Ambassador to Britain, and one of the accused, had declared that Trotsky, his former chief, now a fugitive in Mexico, had helped the British Intelligence Service by provoking incidents that ended in the raid on Arcos which I conducted.

Poor Rakovsky! As honourable a servant as Russia has ever had. Respected in the chancelleries for his honesty and impeccability.

Lying! Unconsciously (I use the word deliberately) lying his way to death.

What is the strange mystery behind this false confession and the others that have become the feature of these Soviet State trials?

Like so many scientists and jurists, I began to try to find an answer when Zinovieff and fifteen other Soviet chiefs first made the death sentences inevitable by their abnormal conduct.

From dependable sources I have also been fortunate to obtain considerable evidence of what really happened to these men in the Lubianka Prison of Moscow during the months before they faced their judges and the firing squads.

The earlier theories of physical torture and hypnotism can be dismissed as worthless.

★ ★ ★

I have made a special study of reports by trained observers in the court who watched the prisoners closely.

Always, it was noted, they were in good health and their minds functioned without external suggestion.

Those who guessed the application of a new and terrible talking drug were not far wrong.

First, will power is broken.

How this is achieved I have learned from my private sources of information.

In the Lubianka Prison, special large soundproof cell-rooms have been built for the preparatory treatment of prisoners whose deaths are sought for political purposes.

These rooms, one for each individual, are illuminated by a concealed intense white light. It is never switched off, day or night.

And the silence is agonising.

In the perpetual brain-stifling light and nerve-destroying quietness the accused person lingers for months.

All that time he has nothing even to read—*except a printed notice reminding him that on his behaviour at the trial will depend the fate of his family and kin.*

Will, resistance and reliance, give way before this form of terrorism.

By the administration of a drug in the hours before the actual appearance in court, the will is completely divorced from the mind.

Unconsciously, the accused man is compelled not only to reveal, without restraint, the most deeply hidden secrets in his brain, but to fabricate, as Rakovsky has been doing, in an ecstasy of self-accusation.

I have not much doubt about the nature of the drug.

★ ★ ★

It appears to be a powerful variant of scopolamine, a crystalline alkaloid that has been manufactured hitherto only in very small quantities in Britain and Germany for use as a cerebral depressant in cases of the acutest mania.

If scopolamine—there is reason to believe the Russians blend cocaine or opium with the drug—was administered to a completely honest person and a suggestion made to him at the moment of injection that he was a thief, he would not only agree, but proceed to invent circumstantial stories to prove his guilt.

Just what Rakovsky has done.

His extraordinary statement that Trotsky lent himself to the British Intelligence Service for the purposes of the Arcos raid must have had the sanction of Vishinsky, the State Prosecutor, before he was made to speak it.

That makes the allegation still more monstrous and incredible.

If true, it would mean that Trotsky must have been conniving at his own downfall!

That he must have been ready to sacrifice office and power and virtual control of the biggest country in the world for a small personal favour from the British Government!

That he must have been plotting the end of the rule of Bolshevism and the revelation to the world of his former plans for international revolution.

Rule and plans which, in his exile, he still believes are the destiny of the world.

Trotsky knew well the secrets that were contained in the Arcos headquarters upon which I led the raid, and the methods under which the Russian Communist Party worked.

He must have known, too, that if they were ever discovered and laid bare, there would be such an outcry among the nations that the end of his régime—and of himself—was inevitable.

He was confident that these secrets would never be found. He had blind trust in the British idea of diplomatic immunity.

He was incapable of believing that the Government of this country, even when taunted and driven to desperate action by Communist plotters, would ever dare to storm and seize the principal Soviet establishment in London—the job with which I was entrusted.

What was found at Arcos?

Among other things, papers containing most precise instructions and information from Moscow about the sending of illegal documents and illegal and cipher telegrams throughout the world from London.

The completest possible proof that Arcos in Britain was the focal point of projected world revolution.

That it was being used for the dissemination of secret conspiring communications from Russia to Communist organisations in Canada, the Argentine, Columbia, Guatemala, Uruguay, Mexico, Brazil, Chile, South Africa, Australia and the U.S.A.

Trotsky was no fool.

It was by his planning that the Arcos organisation in this country was being employed for one of the most nefarious purposes in history and to enlarge his own power and prestige.

He supposed that he was safe in using London for his designs.

Yet Rakovsky, at the crisis of the trial on which his life depends, purports to confess that Trotsky, his former master, was deliberately weaving the ruin of the Soviet and himself by assisting the British Intelligence Service to bring about the Arcos raid and the discovery of his own machinations.

Fantasy without parallel!

Unhappy Rakovsky has gone even farther in the grim terror of this trial to testify to his own destruction.

★ ★ ★

From the dock and the witness box, he has, with abandon, shouted the names of British people who, he avers, have been working for the British Intelligence Service against Russia to wreck the power of Stalin.

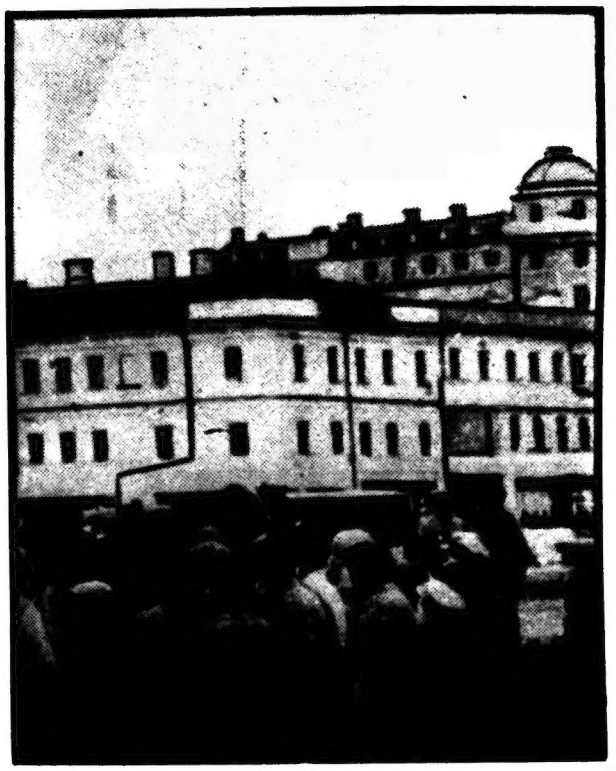
Among them he has mentioned Lady Muriel Paget, Mr. A. V. Alexander, M.P., who was First Lord of the Admiralty in the Labour Government, Lord Inverforth and the late Michael Farbman.

To their innocent activities for humanitarian, economic and diplomatic causes he has attributed most sinister motives.

And, with each successive phrase and sentence relating to the Arcos raid and to them, Rakovsky indulged in abject self-incrimination—inviting death with every word.

The falsity of the crude plottings described by Rakovsky, undoubtedly under some terrible stimulus, merits more than my exposure and contempt.

There would be no better and convincing method of establishing this tragic judicial fraud than for the British Foreign Secretary to make representations to Moscow demanding that the names of the British people mentioned by Rakovsky be cleared of the imputations he has made on them in the daze of his death trial.



A glimpse of Lubianka Prison, Moscow

Crooks of

See the "cards" held by crooks who trade on every world crisis

Every world crisis brings to the fore a number of alleged "financiers" who exploit the traffic in arms and other needs, in order to extract large sums from the public. They promise big profits—what the victims enjoy is described in this revealing article

by a "John Bull" Investigator

IN the present turmoil of international affairs a number of rogues, who home in England and flit between the capitals of Europe, are making dirty fortunes.

They are not adventurers hazarding their own funds in some enterprise which may win high profit through the disturbed, distressed condition of a foreign state.

No, they despoil unwary investors in schemes which often exist only in imagination. Indeed, they are a new and particularly dangerous type of real "international" confidence tricksters.

Against the crisis background they operate. Spain—China—Austria—any country riven by war or political strife is used by these financial crooks as a specious excuse for exploiting the public.

For one side or the other in warfare, they hold valuable commissions. That is their pretence—the basis of their activities.

Distinguished names are mentioned as a kind of good-faith guarantee Such names are borrowed. The personalities concerned—statesmen, admirals, generals—have not the slightest knowledge of what is being done under their avowed ægis.

JOHN BULL has made a most complete investigation into this scandalous financial traffic.

Evidence collected makes an amazing story. To our knowledge the Foreign and Home Office Departments in Whitehall are distinctly apprehensive about what is happening.

Scotland Yard, in consequence, has received instructions to take special measures to curb the ringleaders of the "Crisis Market."

Influential friends

Recently, in these columns, we gave an exposure about a supreme financial bluffer by the name of Daniel Corrigan.

Now this same Daniel Corrigan, for nearly two years past, has been a prominent manipulator of international problems and difficulties for his own personal gain.

Wars and revolutions—no matter in what part of the world—provide a Corrigan harvest.

Believe the claims he makes, and one would accept this persuasive fellow as an intimate of foreign notabilities.

Names trip glibly from his tongue. And the famous people of England with whom Daniel Corrigan declares he has common interests would make a most impressive roll.

Since our last disclosures, a great deal of additional interesting information has come to light.

Corrigan behaves always as though he were an individual of great wealth. He employs a bodyguard—perhaps a necessary precaution in view of his record—and a private enquiry agent.

His wallet normally bulges with notes. Lavish display of money is rather a Corrigan pose.

Once he lost more than £300 at a night's gambling at a greyhound racing track. The bookmaker, calling next day at Corrigan's Park Lane flat, suggested that he would like something on account of the debt.

In the presence of a third party, Corrigan opened the wall safe in his library, and, with a gesture, produced £1,000 in notes.

"Put that to my account. Then you won't worry," said Daniel Corrigan to the bookmaker.

Yet Corrigan is an undischarged bankrupt. He failed for liabilities of £110,000. For his own good reason he does not keep a banking account.

Alternately, Corrigan's manner is bullying or obsequious. It depends on the situation, and the person with whom he is dealing.

Numbered among his acquaintances are people of shady character.

Roy Jardine Angus, now serving a term of penal servitude for robbing impressionable clients over "international" ventures, is one.

Mainwaring Lonsdale, one of the young men sentenced at the last Old Bailey sessions for participation in the Hyde Park Hotel jewel robbery, is another.

Corrigan and others have been involved together in attempts to supply arms and munitions to Spain. Attractive promises of profit were made to those ready to invest.

For £200 handed to Corrigan ("The money will be as safe, my boy, with me as in the Bank of England"), the return was to be no less than £600.

Aircraft were supposedly wanted in large numbers by a "certain foreign Power." Here was an opportunity of earning an exceptional return.

Everything was to be quite within the law, if a little irregular. But the venturesome would share in the spoils.

Such talk as that passed round the restaurants and clubs of Mayfair.

"Keep this under your hat. There must not be a whisper about it, but it is the best money-making certainty in years." That "mug"-catching talk was spread.

Investors who have been impressed by Corrigan's stories have handed over large sums on arms-running and other schemes, for which the genial "Danny"—as he likes so much to be called—has acted as high-pressure sales agent.

They have been fed with stories of negotiations, of shipments almost ready to leave, and of secret contracts placed in various countries.

Dupes contributed for supplying arms to Spain and China. When profits did not come along, and delays grew monotonous, some went to Scotland Yard.

Sells on talk

Corrigan then felt it wise to disgorge, but many investors regret ever having had dealings with him in this "Crisis Market."

When Daniel Corrigan is in negotiation, he is wary enough not to put much in writing. He sells on his talk.

Rather amusing is it, therefore, to know that impulsiveness in conversation led to his undoing in one case where an investor, by now very

the World Crisis . . .

It is in wars that the "crisis" racketeers find a basis for their mischievous operations

suspicious, had all telephone calls tapped by a dictaphone.

By which means he collected an extensive record of Corrigan's prevarications about payments on money advanced.

Last summer Corrigan was fined at the Essex Assizes for assisting in smuggling an undesirable alien into the country.

The other defendant was a well-known pilot who acted on the instigation of Corrigan.

We can now tell what actually happened in this unusual case. Corrigan was first in touch with the pilot in regard to flying lessons for an attractive young woman.

Secret flights

Then Corrigan mentioned one day that he was particularly anxious for a French financier to be brought to England. Essential—according to Corrigan's account — that the Frenchman should come secretly, without the knowledge of the immigration authorities.

An offer of £100 was made to the pilot "to do the job." He was to take an aeroplane out of Abridge (Essex) aerodrome, pick up the French financier at a named place in France, and fly back with him to a private landing ground near London.

Name of the Frenchman was said to be "Jacques Boulant."

After some discussion, the pilot agreed to accept the task.

On the agreed day he flew off from Abridge, neglecting to clear the Customs, landed in France, met the mysterious "M. Boulant," and brought him back to a place in Buckinghamshire.

For this the pilot received his pay in £10 notes—£70 before he started, and the balance on his return.

Now, that particular Frenchman was barred to this country as an undesirable. His passport was marked with the black cross of the immigration department, which means that the bearer of such a passport must in no circumstances be permitted to land in Britain.

Later on Corrigan sent for the flyer and, in an interview in the Park Lane flat, asked him to take the Frenchman—who was sitting there!—back across the Channel.

The pilot did this. He left Abridge in his 'plane, accompanied by "M. Boulant," before dawn, set down the passenger at Forest de Cressy, near Boulogne, and had the 'plane back in its hangar before any official at the aerodrome was astir.

Payment made by Corrigan for this service was £75.

Corrigan promised the flying man many things before he induced him to act in this air smuggling. He said that he intended to start his own aerodrome and flying school.

A flying club company was actually formed, and two aeroplanes were purchased

One was registered in the name of a woman associate of Corrigan. She was also made a director of the club. Finance for the club and ground was to be raised by Corrigan.

Through this pilot, who is an Irishman, Corrigan also arranged to secure a passport for himself from the Eire Government.

"I am willing to pay £5,000 for a passport," said Corrigan, who also promised to pay the other handsomely if he would help.

Improper offer

Conditions imposed by Corrigan in connection with this flight were such that the pilot refused to carry the project through.

By some means Corrigan did, in fact, obtain an Eire passport. Later the aero club scheme failed. The airman was faced with liabilities he could not meet.

Realising how he had been duped by Corrigan, he went to Scotland Yard and made a statement bearing on the whole affair.

In consequence, a senior detective officer visited Daniel Corrigan and made him surrender his passport.

And, in addition, through the Irish authorities, a clerk in the Eire passport department was severely reprimanded for his part in the passport transaction.

When the prosecution for air smuggling of an undesirable alien was in prospect, Corrigan made the suggestion that it would be the best for all parties if the pilot left the country.

Three thousand pounds was offered the airman to quit. He was told that if he went to China, Corrigan would arrange for him to receive a commission as a general in the flying corps of the China Government—salary to be at the rate of £250 a month.

Wisely the story of this improper offer was recounted subsequently by the pilot to Scotland Yard.

So much for Daniel Corrigan.

A group of financiers, headed by a man known as Lawrence Allingham, with headquarters also in Park Lane, London, have managed to raise money to foster war material patents which, it is maintained—quite untruly—have gained the approval of the War Office and Air Ministry.

The invention of which this group held the control was something of supreme importance. It was a contrivance to avert all risk of fire in aircraft, whether arising from mechanical mishap or the crash of a sudden landing.

Peer duped

Should anything unforeseen happen to any aircraft in flight, or on descending, the mysterious contrivance (whatever it was) rendered the petrol carried in the machine non-inflammable, and petrol vapour and air non-explosive.

That was the story they told.

They further asserted that conferences between the financiers and high officials of the Government had ended in the latter being perfectly satisfied, after due examination and test.

Moreover, the statement was made—according to the evidence of one victim—that a six months' output of the invention was guaranteed by the Air Ministry in conjunction with the War Office.

Work on the Government contracts was to commence as soon as the essential finance was forthcoming.

Naturally, with an invention of such a character, the greatest secrecy had to be preserved. Only the barest outline of details could be given.

Investors, of necessity, must trust the "men who know."

Many persons, including a peer, were imposed upon by Allingham and his confederates in one project or another. The peer stands to lose £3,000 on a bill which he has backed.

We quote another instance of an "international" concern which doubled "world television" and State housing, and having Continental countries as the sphere of its activity.

One investor received an impressive account of a £1,000,000 Trust, established to advance television on a scale never before contemplated, and also—a strange partnership of operations—to build housing estates abroad with British material and by British workmen.

One contract, already in the basket, was from the Roumanian Government to erect model houses for employees of that government. If money to support the scheme was forthcoming *quickly*, then a handsome turnover was assured.

This man parted with £6,600.

Afterwards he learned, in due train, that the "Trust" had no capital; that its directors were persons of straw; that the American bank supposed to be backing the enterprise knew nothing about it, and there was no prospect of laying a single British brick in Roumania.

Lost their money

Further examples of the work of the international trouble crooks:

Contract given by Marshal Chang Tso Ling for the shipment of guns to China.

No less a difference than £100,000 between the price to be paid on the Continent for the arms and the price to be paid by China. "Profits consequently assured."

People backing other similar projects have lost their money. Their unfortunate experiences are now on Scotland Yard's "international swindle" lists.

The name of Sir Henri Deterding, head of the Royal Dutch petroleum companies, was lately improperly used by an American financier who settled in London under the name of Alexander Frost. His real name is Finess, and he has been in trouble in his own country.

Frost was introducing a new high-grade oil and petroleum to European countries—hence his misuse of Sir Henri Deterding's name.

He travelled in his own private aeroplane between England and Continental centres. He used also a magnificent American-built motor-car.

But after he had persuaded several people, including a firm of City of London brokers, to assist him with finance, his scheme blew away like a bubble.

Result, he fled the country and a warrant is now out for his arrest.

Police enquiries show that Frost, otherwise Finess, has played the same international oil rôle in Canada, Australia, Ceylon, France and Spain.

King's name used

At the present time the City of London police are looking into complaints about a bogus organisation for furthering, with British capital, undertakings in Yugo-Slavia.

When investors and creditors became insistent, demanding fuller information, the office closed its doors and the principals disappeared.

Rearmament of Greece, with the name of the King of Greece used prominently, has been yet another "Crisis Market" racket through which British people have been robbed.

So it goes on again and again—international troubles and reorganisation employed by imaginative "financiers" of many races to the detriment of confiding British investors.

Through the medium of this article the public is warned.

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Without Fear or Favour

Eyes West!

ALL eyes will soon focus on West Fulham, whose M.P., Sir Cyril Cobb, has just died.

It will be the first by-election since the resignation of Mr. Eden; the first test of how public opinion is reacting to the momentous events of recent weeks.

It will be a fair test, for West Fulham was Conservative from 1918 to 1929, when it was captured by Labour, and changed to Conservative again in 1930. Sir Cyril's majority at the last election was 3,483.

Will that majority be wiped out as completely as the Government's fortunes were lost at Ipswich?

Certainly the Government will strain every nerve to retain Fulham. Another defeat, and particularly one at the present time, would be a tremendous blow to its prestige.

Apart from foreign affairs, the Cabinet is faced with growing criticism on a score of issues. Rising cost of living. The air muddle. Neglect of food supplies. Grave unemployment, despite last month's slight improvement. Many other matters of vital importance.

So keep your eyes on West Fulham. For the decision of electors there may be the prelude to decisions of far greater influence elsewhere.

Rise for Tommy Atkins

There is one vital Army reform which Mr. Hore-Belisha has yet to tackle.

Certainly he is proving a good friend of Tommy Atkins. That extra threepence a day after one or two years' service, with a further threepence for special proficiency after three years, will mean a real improvement in the serving soldier's lot.

The new long-service conditions, also, should attract men who want to make the Army their life career.

But there remains the disagreeable, indefensible fact that not one officer in five has graduated from the ranks; promotion is still far too difficult to obtain by the ordinary soldier.

Yet the best work is done by the man who knows that good work will be rewarded by a better job; the best type of recruit will be secured by the possibilities of obtaining a commission as well as by fair pay.

Another thing. Merit, not social position, should be the path to the officers' mess. Humble Tommies should not have the marshal's baton omitted from their knapsack merely because their parents are poor.

Intelligent men should be given every opportunity to raise themselves from the ranks.

This is the wrong which Mr. Hore-Belisha must remedy. Tommy Atkins deserves not only a rise in pay, but a fair chance to rise from the ranks.

Houses Breeding Disease

One method of making an A1 nation is for the Government to apply a vigorous kick to the local rulers of our Black Areas.

Those are the areas in which the White Plague is rampant—where rotten housing breeds tuberculosis.

An official enquiry is at present being held into the anti-tuberculosis services in Wales. A medical officer of health, giving evidence, reports that in his rural area there are about a hundred houses which should be demolished.

In one of them, five successive tenants have become infected by the disease. All have died! Yet this "tuberculosis house" is still standing.

The enquiry's chairman, Mr. Clement Davies, K.C., M.P., wants to know why local authorities are not carrying out their duties and acting on the advice of their own medical officers. He adds, caustically, that there are plenty of promises of things to be done.

We have all heard those promises. We know it is not only in Wales, but in all quarters of Britain, that disease dens are allowed to exist for all the talk of slum-clearance campaigns.

Sometimes the fault rests with Whitehall for holding up plans. In other cases, local authorities are to blame for their apathy.

"Fitness wins," the Government posters tell us. Why not give the potential victims of tuberculosis a chance to keep fit?

OPEN LETTERS

Lord PORTAL,
Special Areas Trustee

DEAR LORD PORTAL,—You will bring hope to tens of thousands of men and women on your tour of the South Wales distressed areas, which you begin to-day.

In your capacity of trustee of Lord Nuffield's assistance scheme for our industrial wildernesses, you have the power to relieve much of the suffering imposed on the Welsh valleys in recent years.

True, you will discern welcome signs of returning activity. You will be shown the havoc caused last week when a dynamite charge blew to bits a derelict factory at Dowlais, on the site of which a new sewing-machine works is to be erected.

Eventually it will employ four thousand men. As the Mayor of Merthyr says, "It is the very first sign of change in our industrial outlook."

Hope at last for the poorest town in Britain, where the steel works have closed down, collieries employ less than half their former number, and the rates are the highest in the country.

At Pontypridd, you will be told of a new paper-mill which may provide work for several hundred men.

What else will you see and hear?

You will find that, as Mr. James Griffiths, M.P., declared in 1936, Wales is becoming a cemetery for old men. Three out of every five persons who leave its soil for London and the Midlands are aged between fifteen and twenty-five.

Despite the "prosperity" of which we are told so much, the young people continue to leave the tragic towns and valleys. My enquiries show that at least 320,000 persons have left in the last ten years!

You will see pinched faces and shabby clothes among those who remain to hope against hope that times will improve for them as they have for the rest of Britain.

I trust that, because of your observation and Lord Nuffield's munificence, you will justify their courage by starting new enterprises in Britain's worst-hit region.

But surely this is the duty of the State?—JOHN BULL.

Will he bring fresh hope to our worst-hit area?

Mr. ROBERT HOLLAND-MARTIN,
Chairman, Southern Railway

DEAR CHAIRMAN,—Electric trains, you say, have proved "a great gold mine." This will wring a wry smile from the millions who are still forced to travel in the slow, dirty, cramped and unpunctual steam trains which other companies provide for our suburbs.

You tell us that the Southern's suburban electrification has yielded a 27 per cent. return on capital cost; main line electric services have done almost as well.

Yet the other three great railway companies still look down their noses at electricity. True, the G.W.R. is thinking of electrifying a portion of its main line as an experiment; a few districts round the northern cities—Sheffield, Newcastle and so on—have electric systems.

But they are only tinkering with the job. They have no great plan such as you are ably carrying out. Yet electrification was recommended by a Royal Commission many years ago.

May the evidence you have just submitted encourage your rivals to look to their laurels!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. DINGLE FOOT, M.P.,
House of Commons

DEAR MR. FOOT,—One of the most abominable scandals ever exposed is that unemployed women who are shortly expecting babies have to queue up at the employment exchanges.

I welcome your suggestion that, as they are not likely to obtain work, they should be excused attendance for a month before their babies are born.

And you propose that during this period they should be given Health Insurance benefit instead of unemployment benefit, so that they could qualify by presenting a doctor's certificate instead of having to hang around the exchanges.

The Minister of Labour asserts that this is a matter for the Minister of Health, but I hope you won't allow yourself to be fobbed off by quibbles between those two gentlemen.

The reform is a sensible and humane one. It must be adopted!—JOHN BULL.

Alderman G. F. PEARSON,
Chairman, Sutton Coldfield Bench

YOUR WORSHIP,—"He must join the Army within a week. Otherwise he will be sentenced."

That was your ultimatum to the mother of a seventeen-year-old boy who drove away a motor van without its owner's consent and without licence or insurance policy. Well, the boy is now trying to enlist. But his mother is determined that the case shall not end thus, and I wish her luck.

Lay justices are too fond of ordering offenders to join up. Actually, they have no power to insist upon it; nor is the Army a home for law-breakers.

As for compelling a mere stripling of seventeen into the Army because of a mischievous prank—why, have you never heard of the Probation system?—JOHN BULL.

Sir SAMUEL HOARE,
Home Secretary

SIR,—People are not supposed to be jailed for debt nowadays, unless it is proved that they can afford to pay but won't.

You know this, of course. No doubt you are also aware that two hundred people a week are still being sent to prison for debt.

But you may not be aware that magistrates in some districts are falling back into the bad old groove of sentencing people without enquiring into their financial position.

These unfortunates are going to jail for arrears of rates and maintenance orders which they cannot possibly meet.

Their genuine pleas of inability to pay are brushed aside as "old soldier" excuses. Because of their poverty, they are treated like criminals.

In short, the excellent intentions of the Money Payments Act are being frustrated. Will you not give this pitiful shame your attention?—JOHN BULL.

Mr. A. B. SELLERS,
Yorkshire Cricket Captain

DEAR CAPTAIN,—I congratulate you on achieving, at the age of thirty-one, an honour usually reserved for men in the 'sixties—a part in the choice of the English teams to meet Australia this summer.

While your fellow-member of the Test Selection Committee, Mr. M. J. Turnbull, the Glamorgan captain, is your senior by only a year.

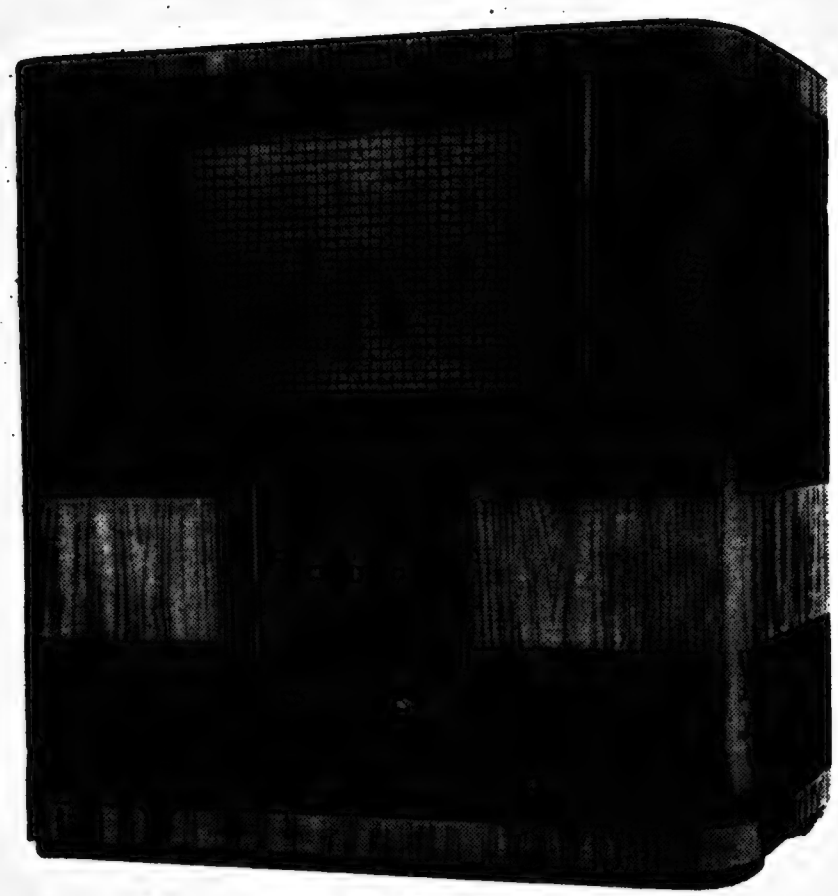
A good thing, too.

Though the older men who have hitherto constituted the selection panel may have been close followers of the game, and ex-cricketers themselves, their decisions have often bewildered the sporting public and quickly proved unwise.

Now, the average age of this year's committee will be forty-seven compared with sixty-three for the old committee, and every cricket enthusiast will hope that this comparative youth will justify itself.—JOHN BULL.

Watts - the reason for the volume!

says
Christopher Stone



NO, Christopher Stone's not asking a question! He's making a statement! For the volume of a set depends upon how many watts of energy are delivered to its speaker.

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rovds

Muzzlers' Threat to our Press

Freedom of the Press is one of the most cherished possessions of democratic Britain. In all Dictator countries the Press is muzzled and the people are spoon-fed. All the more necessity, therefore, that an independent Press should be maintained as "the corner-stone to the freedom of this nation"

by A. G. Gardiner

Herr von Ribbentrop arriving at the German Embassy during his visit to London. The Embassy was strongly guarded by police to prevent possible Communist demonstrations

J. A. Spender, the veteran journalist, advised the Press "to set its house in order"

"IF I allowed the freedom of the Press," said Napoleon, "my power would be gone in a month."

At his zenith, when he had Europe at his feet, he had muzzled the whole Press of the continent, with the exception of this country.

Much of his eagerness to invade England was currently reported to be due to his desire to suppress the newspapers from here that were smuggled across the Channel.

This is worth recalling at this time, for once more the freedom of the British Press is a thorn in the side of dictators.

It was stated by Commander Fletcher in Parliament a few days ago that the British Ambassador in Berlin had been told that Germany could not enter into conversations with this country if the Press here was free to comment on them.

He asked for an assurance from the Government that no such undertaking would be given.

Mr. R. A. Butler, Under-Secretary for Foreign Affairs, replied that the Government would not attempt to interfere, at the request of a foreign Power, with the right of the British Press to comment with complete freedom on matters of concern to the country.

Whether Herr von Ribbentrop's recent visit to London had anything to do with this matter we do not know.

But Herr Hitler has made no concealment of his anger with the English newspapers, and his muzzled Press has repeatedly insisted that our Press should be muzzled, too.

★ ★ ★

Hardly a week passes without some English newspaper being forbidden admission to Germany, and not long ago the whole British Press was shut out of Italy by Mussolini.

Reason is obvious. It is the essence of dictatorship that it is above criticism.

To admit the right of the public to criticise public affairs is to strike at the foundations on which dictatorship rests.

The Totalitarian State, whether Nazi or Communist, must deny freedom in all its forms. The nation must be drilled as one man, think as one man, act as one man. All personality perishes, except that of the Dictator.

People must read only what the Dictator wishes, worship only at the shrine that the Dictator sanctions, elect only the Parliament that the Dictator permits them to elect.

So they cease to be citizens. They become sheep—none the less sheep because they can be equipped for war not less formidably than free peoples. It is not difficult for the Dictator when he has once seized the machine of power to do all this. Hitler has done it in Germany, Mussolini has done it in Italy, Stalin has done it in Russia.

Take the case of the Press, with which we are immediately concerned. Broadly speaking, the freedom of the Press is extinguished over the whole of Europe and Asia, from the Rhine to Vladivostok.

Nothing is printed except what the censorship of the Dictator allows to be printed. Everywhere the people are spoon-fed, like children.

Every vehicle of information—the Press, the radio, the platform—issues the same tale direct from the Dictator's publicity bureau.

If the truth is unpleasant it is suppressed. If it is pleasant it is flourished.

★ ★ ★

But it is not enough to suppress freedom at home. Freedom is a contagion that spreads, and it is a menace to the Dictator wherever it exists.

Especially the freedom of the Press, for, watch the post as you will, you cannot keep out all the ugly facts that you wish to conceal, all the arguments, criticisms, discussions it is your purpose to suppress.

Hence the anger of the Hitlers, Mussolinis and Stalins with the free newspapers of England to-day.

Hence the modest proposal that the British Government should make the British Press as servile an instrument as the Dictators have made theirs.

If this were conceivable, anything would be conceivable. We might be asked to black out questions in Parliament which were distasteful to the Dictators.

We might be asked to stop the Christian churches discussing the fate of their brethren in Germany and Russia.

We might be asked to warn the trade unions that they must not talk about things in a way of which the Dictators disapproved.

In a word, we might be invited to make this country as servile a state as those of the Dictators.

But it is not conceivable. The freedom of the Press is the corner-stone of the freedom of this nation. Take that away and the whole fabric of liberty would be shaken to its foundations.

Our battle for that freedom was won by the citizens of London a century and a half ago, and the liberty of the Press has never been challenged since.

No Government that proposed to tamper with it would survive the experiment.

Were we mad enough, as some of our extremists of the Right and Left wish, to plunge the country into a first-class revolution we might have a dictatorship whose first business would be to muzzle the Press.

Fortunately, our Parliamentary roots are too deep for revolution, and even if they were not, I should not envy the Hitler or Stalin who set out to teach this nation the goose-step of the servile state.

Such danger as there is, as Mr. J. A. Spender recently told the Institute of Journalists, is not a frontal attack of the Press by any Government. That is too hazardous to be attempted.

What is not impossible is an undermining on plausible grounds, and in circumstances of anxiety, of the foundation of these liberties.

I am far from suggesting there is any deliberate policy of that sort contemplated, but there have been recent incidents which indicate how such a policy might begin. And in this connection it is important that the Press should be on its guard in two directions.

The first is to take collective action through its various organised institutions to counter any encroachment on its historic and constitutional liberties. On this ground there must be no compromise.

A second is, in Mr. Spender's phrase, "to set its own house in order."

The liberties of the Press are not a fetish or a divine ordinance. They are not in the Decalogue or the Sermon on the Mount.

They are a social contract, implying not merely rights but responsibilities. If the rights are to be preserved, the responsibilities must not be neglected.

★ ★ ★

Liberty to say faithfully and without constraint the truth, and the whole truth, must not be construed into a licence to say what is not the truth or what is calculated to do private or public wrong.

Our libel laws are harsh and unjust and they need drastic reform, but there are other offences, more grave than any libel, which are perpetrated with impunity—offences against good taste, fair play, and international understanding.

In this matter the Press must watch carefully.

Through its organised institutions it must not only defend its rights but it must devise a code of professional conduct that will honour its responsibilities.

Its freedom is not in danger from Herr Hitler. It is only in potential danger from itself.

THE HUMAN MACHINE

TAKE HEED IN TIME

IN the world as it is to-day there is the greatest possible need for clear thinking. There never was a time when the proper function of man—which is the incisive use of his brain—was more imperative.

Whether a man holds a high office or is the humblest of humble citizens, his one paramount duty is to think, to reason, and to guide his actions by the results of those thoughts.

There is no lack of people who are willing and even anxious to do your thinking for you. There has always been a good supply of such folk. There always will be—until we wake up.

But you should remember that such people don't work for nothing. If they do your thinking for you, they expect a reward; and the reward they want is that you shall help them to grind whatever axe they happen to want sharpened!

It would be silly if it wasn't serious: but it's not silly, because unless thought is opposed by thought, argument by argument, and ideas by ideas, there can be no such things as freedom or democracy.

Only can there be mental and spiritual slavery.

Freedom is only possible where men and women are willing to be free; and there can be no willingness to be free where there is unwillingness to think. Mental effort is the essential forerunner to democratic ease.

Anyone who lets another do his thinking for him is already in a state of spiritual slavery. It is but a brief step from that to physical dictatorship. For Freedom is a heritage that must be thought for.

Enigma of History

ONE of the greatest enigmas of history is the Comte de St. Germain, mystery man of adventure in French Court circles in pre-revolution days, who claimed to know the secret of immortality and to be able to remove flaws from precious gems.

The riddle of St. Germain was never solved, despite countless traps set to catch him, and the facts of his amazing career form one of the many brilliant features in this week's Spring Number of the *Passing Show*.

This fascinating issue is enlarged to 52 pages, and among its star contributors are W. J. Passingham, Vicki Baum, David Headley Munroe.

In addition, a new thrilling air drama of frontier intrigue and a fight for frozen gold begins in this number. Although greatly enlarged, this issue is 2d. as usual.

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Sir Wyndham Childs' Special Dossier

Big Medical Institute Exposed

"Treatment Room" at the sumptuous Baker Street establishment

I HOLD, as many of my readers are aware, very strong views about so-called "medical" organisations which, in return for large fees, treat—very often by post—sufferers from various diseases.

I have before me a remarkable dossier of information about a certain Mr. Jacq. J. Harpman, who is described in impressive literature as "Director of the Busico-Harpman Sanatorium and Polyclinic of Buenos Aires."

Mr. Harpman is a Dutchman who has been concerned in this country for some time with two interesting "medical" ventures known as the "Institute of Endonasal Reflex Therapy" and the "Institute of Endocrinology."

His headquarters are at Victor House, 1, Baker Street, London, where he maintains what appears to be a thriving establishment.

Booklets issued by Mr. Harpman and his limited liability company signify ability to treat over sixty different maladies, many of them about as serious as they could possibly be.

Mr. Harpman is most obliging. After many pages giving advice about disease and eulogies of the Institute of Endocrinology, there is this encouraging statement:

"Patients wishing to undergo our treatment who prefer to avoid travelling to and fro are informed that only one visit is necessary to our Institute for diagnosis."

One visit—that's all—and Mr. Harpman does the rest. After all, if you are a sufferer, and your own doctor hasn't been able to do much for you, what more could you want?

A Grantham reader, who for a long time has suffered from dyspepsia, some months ago saw an advertisement in an evening paper. Badly needing relief, he came to London and was received at the Baker Street headquarters of the Institute of Endocrinology by a receptionist dressed in nurse's uniform.

* * *

He told her what he thought was wrong with him, and, handing him a Harpman pamphlet, she said she would go to see if the great Harpman could receive him.

After a short interval the Baker Street healer from Holland sent for him and he was taken to a consulting room, where Harpman went fully into his symptoms and told him that he was suffering from pancreas trouble and that treatment would cost thirty guineas.

The Grantham reader was so impressed that he would have paid four times as much to gain relief from his trouble, and gladly handed over a cheque, there and then, for fifteen guineas on account.

He was later examined in another room by two men in white overalls, and told that he would be sent injections. Harpman, by the way, explained that these could be administered by a nurse in the patient's home town, and that arrangements for this to be done would be made accordingly.

Unhappily, no relief at all was obtained from the injections, and the Grantham sufferer indignantly told Harpman so and refused to pay the remainder of the fee demanded.

Eventually, after some angry correspondence, a summons was issued against him in the Bloomsbury County Court. He took the matter to a local doctor, who advised him to get in touch with the London and Counties' Medical Protection Society, who consulted a well-known firm of London solicitors.

This step was the beginning of very serious developments. A defence was put in on the grounds that my Grantham reader had been "induced to have the treatment by fraudulent misrepresentation."

* * *

No stronger allegation could have been made in the circumstances, of course.

Litigation has to take its course, and in due time particulars of the alleged "fraudulent misrepresentation" were sought by Harpman's lawyers.

These were supplied in language equally as strong. I will quote some of the particulars:

"There was no evidence that the defendant would require an abdominal operation in six months or at all." (That is what he was told!)

"The treatment proposed was useless and ineffective and would not affect the defendant's weight or the necessity or otherwise of an operation."

(Harpman had told him, the defendant alleged, that he would put on a stone under his treatment within about a month.)

"That the general managing director, Mr. Jacq. J. Harpman, was a bacteriologist-pathologist, and director of the Busico-Harpman Sanatorium and Polyclinic of Buenos Aires, meaning thereby that the said Harpman was a duly qualified medical man, fitted to make diagnoses and give treatment;

"Whereas the plaintiff well knew he was not a duly (or at all) qualified medical man and was not fitted to make diagnoses and give treatment."

And "the defendant was induced by the above misrepresentations to agree to take the treatment advised by the plaintiffs and paid the sum of £15 15s. and has suffered damage."

Sworn statements of this kind must have made Mr. Harpman sit up, I should fancy. But the matter did not go into court for hearing, although a counter-claim for the refunding of the original fifteen guineas had been served.

Harpman's advisers eventually suggested a settlement, but asked the Grantham man to withdraw his pleading of fraud.

He refused to do so on any account.

So, rather than go into court, Harpman's Institute paid back the original fee, withdrew their claim for the balance, paid the two guineas charge of the Grantham nurse, and all costs.

And the charge of fraudulent misrepresentation still remains on the file of the Bloomsbury County Court—unanswered!

Everyone will agree that publicity to a serious case of this kind ought to be given the greatest prominence. I know of others. That is why I am pleased to tell this story, with the obvious warning which goes with it.

Polluted Water Peril

A FEW months ago an ex-Service man, Mr. V. Wren, and his wife, on whose lives fortune had not smiled any too kindly for a long period, came to the pleasant village of Crowhurst, in Sussex.

Mr. Wren had been appointed by the G.P.O. to be caretaker-operator at the local exchange. Although his wages were only 57s. a week, out of which he had to pay rent of 15s. and insurance 1s. 7d., he was satisfied that at last his wife and two children would be able to live in some degree of comfort and security.

But so much for his high hopes. Within a few days his two children returned from school complaining of internal pains and headaches.

The district nurse thought that the trouble might be due to the water supply in the house, but it was four days before a specimen was taken.

* * *

By that time Mr. Wren had collapsed over his switchboard and was taken to the Royal East Sussex Hospital with a very high temperature and suffering from water poisoning. He was ill for a fortnight, and it was several weeks before he was in a fit condition to resume his work.

The water in the well was analysed and found to be unsuitable for human consumption on account of the excess of iron in solution and suspension. It would not necessarily cause illness, but the Wren family had used water from a tank which they thought was clean, but which apparently was polluted.

Mr. Wren was only able to keep his job at the exchange by paying the wages of his substitute.

As may be supposed, in the considerable period of his illness and convalescence, he was put to great expense, and his wages went to the substitute operator. He got behind with his bills and his family suffered severely.

* * *

When he appealed to the Post Office authorities they refused to make any grant. A promise to rectify the water supply has not proceeded beyond the correspondence stage.

It would seem that there was a very grievous fault somewhere. This man has to be available twenty hours a day, including Sundays and holidays, according to the terms of employment.

But the Post Office, which makes huge profits every year, cannot see its way clear to make any redress, although it would appear that the man's illness and subsequent difficulties were due to the water supply available at the Crowhurst telephone exchange.

Surely this is a case in which the red tape of officialdom might be stretched a little in the interest of ordinary generosity and fair dealing?

Your Watchdog Barks

Rascals in Manchester district are visiting poor women deserted by husbands and persuading them to get advances from moneylenders to tide them over. Rascals act as guarantors, take half shares, and leave women to face possible subsequent court proceedings.

* * *

Not dissimilar case exposed in these columns on February 12 in regard to one J. Barclay, who obtained five pounds from a nurse. City police got busy. He has been sentenced to six months.

* * *

Buy two packets soap powder, 3½d. each, at the door, and get one thrown in free. Canvassers say, next Monday young lady will arrive with free gift cloth. Keep your sevenpence. Soap powder worthless, anyway. Young lady never turns up with cloth.

* * *

Man peddling medicated soaps and cure-all medicines in market places carries a board bearing after his name this formidable array of letters: A.A., M.D., B.Sc., Lic., H.M., D.O.—mostly meaningless.

* * *

Beware of "gardeners" who offer to dig your garden and want no pay until job is done. At dinner time they ask for money to buy rose trees which are going cheap. You wait in vain for return of gardener and rose trees.

Stadium Mystery

QUITE recently an advertisement appeared in a London morning newspaper asking for two hundred live men for evening work.

One of my Romford readers received a letter from Mr. Curzon Howe, of Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1, saying he had a vacancy for a smart man in his business at New Cross Greyhound Stadium, with wages £1 a night for three nights of the week.

But as a large sum of money would have to be handled by successful applicants, Mr. Howe asked for a cash security of £25.

The Romford reader, who has been with his present employers for many years in a position of responsibility, had a natural desire to increase his earnings by extra evening work.

He intimated he would enter into a fidelity bond, but this did not meet with Howe's approval Howe wanted the money, and said there was no danger of his defaulting, for he had been a solicitor more than eleven years.

On investigation, I find that Curzon Howe is not known at New Cross Stadium as a bookmaker, although there are two other pencillers in the ring with similar names. Moreover, several other men had made enquiries there regarding Howe's attractive job.

Although bookmakers are not engaged by the Greyhound Racing Association, I am told that all who desire to make a book in the Stadium must first apply to the Bookmakers' Committee.

I am pleased that the Greyhound Racing Association is now making enquiries in regard to Curzon Howe

Strange is the fact that at the moment of writing there is only one Saturday night meeting at New Cross. It will be April before there will be three meetings a week.

Howe's name does not appear in the Law List of London solicitors.

And in regard to his offer to pay £1 a night to those he employs, I find that 5s. is the usual payment made to bookmakers' assistants!

Apart from the strange features to which I have alluded, this is another instance of the objectionable employment-with-investment practice which magistrates, judges and the police alike condemn in any form.

Shall I leave it at that?

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£3 CASH BONUS and 50%. Sales people, either sex, all parts of U.K., whole or spare time, for 1/-, and 1/6 copyright lines. Selling like wildfire in offices, factories, shops, house-to-house. Samples of actual lines free, post paid. —Write now, before territory allocated.—H. A. Herbert, Albert Grove, Bristol, 8.

EMPLOYMENT.

THE BRITISH ARMY. Vacancies exist in all branches. Good pay. Food, clothing and accommodation free. Opportunities for education, physical training and sport. Liberal holidays on full pay. — Apply any Army Recruiting Office, address obtainable at Post Offices and Employment Exchanges.

THE ROYAL AIR FORCE has vacancies for Skilled, Semi-Skilled and Unskilled Men.—Apply for age limits and full particulars to: Inspector of Recruiting, R.A.F., 50, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.

LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL. Additional Temporary Emergency Staff required (Resident), for the measles epidemic (married women eligible): (A) STAFF NURSES, £90 if certificated in Fever Nursing; £78 if certificated in General Nursing and trained in the Council's Hospitals and £70 if trained outside the service. £5 extra salary if holding both certificates. (B) ASSISTANT NURSES, Class I. (experienced) £65; (C) ASSISTANT NURSES, Class II. (previous nursing experience not necessary) £40. Uniform provided.—Apply Matron-in-Chief, W.M., County Hall, S.E.1, enclosing copies of references and stating previous occupation and earliest date at which duties could be commenced.

G.P.O Engineering Dept. (no experience required). Commencing £3 12s. per week. Age 18-22. Excellent prospects. Free details of Entrance Exam. from B.I.E.T. (Dept. 327), 17-19, Stratford Place, London, W.1.

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A GREAT Guide to Careers — FREE. The School's 180-p. Guide explains how you can qualify for a highly-paid administrative position in Commerce Industry Accountancy, Secretaryship, and the Public Services. Write to-day THE SCHOOL OF ACCOUNTANCY, 369, BUSH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2.

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Address: The Advertisement Manager, "John Bull," 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

CIVIL SERVICE VACANCIES.—The 1938 Edition of Civil Service Handbook is now ready for public distribution. Those desiring details of openings, age limits, pay, entrance Exams., for all branches of the Service (either sex—aged 15 upwards) are advised to apply for this Free Handbook immediately to B.T.I. (Dept. 171), 356, Oxford Street, LONDON, W.1.

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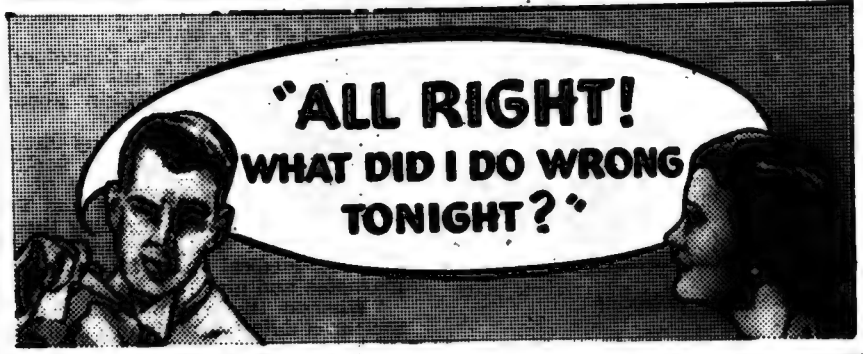
RETAILERS.—Local trade is limited, so why not sell by post? — the modern method of Traders? Advertise bargain line in *John Bull's* famous "Shop Window" and reach millions of buyers all over the country. One advertiser recently reported that from a single advertisement he had received over 500 orders for a 10/- article. A mail order department has turned many a local business into a national one. Why not yours? Start small, grow big. Apply on business letterhead for particulars and details of free advertisement writing service for shopkeepers and small traders. Address: Manager, Ideas and Sales Development Dept., John Bull, Room 22, 57-59, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.



HE TOOK HIS WIFE'S HINT
YOUR WIFE IS RIGHT. I ADVISE COLGATE DENTAL CREAM. ITS SPECIAL PENETRATING FOAM REMOVES THE CAUSE OF MOST BAD BREATH—AND MAKES TEETH SPARKLE, TOO.
VERY WELL. COLGATE'S FOR ME!

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Tests prove that 76% of all people over the age of 17 have bad breath! And the same tests prove that most bad breath comes from improperly cleaned teeth. Colgate Dental Cream, because of its special penetrating foam, removes the cause—the decaying food deposits lodged between the teeth, along the gums, and all around the tongue.
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THREE SIZES 6d 1/- 1/6d

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SAVE Pounds each year on Car Insurance by sending for FREE 32-pp. BOOKLET and Quotation. Compare these Rates. Lloyd's Security, Third Party from £2 11s. 6d., or 3 Quarterly Payments of £1. Twelve months, 8-h.p., Country, 1-Driver; 50 per cent. No-Claim Bonus given if entitled to 25 per cent. Summer Policies—3, 4 and 6 Months. ARTHUR A. SCOTT, LTD., London's Leading Brokers (Dept. 33/JB), 37, Shoe Lane, Fleetway (Station), E.C.4. Prospect 1066 (10 lines).

BARGAIN SALES.

WALLPAPERS DIRECT from 2d. per roll. Send for patterns post free. — WEST RIDING WALLPAPER CO., 82, TRINITY ST., LEEDS.

CARNIVAL GOODS, Balloons, Irish Hats and Novelties. Send for free bargain list.—"Uneedus," 70/72 Arundel Street, Portsmouth.

WALLPAPERS. — See the New 1938 "SHIELDA" Pattern Book. Post Free both ways. Apply, Dept. J.B., Bruce & Hall, South Shields.

"CARNIVAL" Hats, Novelties, Balloons, etc. Illustrated Catalogue J.B. free.—Beck's British Carnival Novelties, 139, Upper St., London, N.1.

WALLPAPERS for Householders and traders from 2d.; 250 patterns post free. — Osborne Mills (Dept. 5), Rochdale Road, MANCHESTER.

DANCE NOVELTIES & ADVERT. BALLOONS LIST FREE. — NOVELTY SUPPLY STORES, (Dept. J.B.), 282, MILE END RD., London, E.1

50/- brings you a brand-new Motor Cycle. Balance to suit your pocket over 18 or 24 months. For value read the description of the new 1938 250 c.c. O.H.V. Red Panther, supplied with dynamo lighting, fully equipped and guaranteed. Advertisement top of page 3. (Messrs. Pride & Clarke, Ltd.)

SUITS TO MEASURE, 28/-; worth 45/-. British Cloth. British-made. Perfectly cut.—Write for the free patterns and self-measure chart mentioned in the advt. of Messrs. H. Thomas & Co., on page 2.

THE reliability of Bush Superhets is renowned. The model illustrated on p. 14 can be obtained for 3/9 a week. Fill in coupon at once for full details of this and other models.

FREE.—Housewives, here's good news! Say good-bye to all old-fashioned methods of carpet sweeping and the drudgery of hands and knees behind dustpan and brush. A Hoover Cleaning "Specialist" makes spring-cleaning easy. For only a small sum down and small monthly payments you can get one new and first of all get particulars of the model illustrated on page 29 by filling in coupon for free illus. booklet, etc.

GET a copy of Benson's Watch, Jewellery Catalogue, etc. For only 2/- down you can secure either of the models illust. on p. 31. Fill in the coupon or write, mentioning John Bull, to J. W. Benson, Ltd., 62-64, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C.4.

GARDENING.

FREE.—"Your Garden," 66-page book in full colours Advice on Gardening by leading experts —Richard Sudell, H. H. Cook H. Wheatcroft, Reg. Beale, etc. Limited Number only. Send a p.c. (1d. stamp) for YOURS now.—LASCO, LTD., Dept. 1, LIVERPOOL.

WHY TURF YOUR LAWN? Our Special Lawn Seed ensures a fine velvety weed-free lawn. 1/- lb., 7 lb. 5/-, 14 lb. 9/6, 28 lb. 18/6, 56 lb. 35/6, 112 lb. 66/6. Or C.O.D. Carriage Paid. Sowing instructions enclosed. Illustrated Seed Annual Free. — Sowerbutts, M.H.18, Ashton-under-Lyne.

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BRAMBLES CHINE HOLIDAY CAMP, Colwell Bay, Isle of Wight.—Book now for a jolly holiday. Send for Brochure to A. G. Preece.

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HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

DON'T WEAR A TRUSS! Use Brooks Rupture Appliance. New discovery. Wonderful! No lumpy pads, no springs, durable, cheap. Binds and draws parts together quickly. Sent on trial. Catalogue free.—Address, Brooks Appliance Co., Ltd (836M), 80, Chancery Lane, London, W.C.2.

COLDS AND INFLUENZA successfully treated by Cephos, prescription of Eminent Physician. Safe and certain. Does not affect heart. Powder or Tablet form. Send p.c. for FREE sample, CEPHOS, Ltd. (Dept. 29), BLACKBURN.

FREE. A generous sample supply of MEDOPHYLL tablets, a great health and energy restorer. Turn to page 37 and fill in the coupon. A valuable booklet full of vital information will accompany the sample.

SUFFERERS from hair troubles can obtain a testing packet of Kotalko, the hair grower, and a tablet of Kotalko soap on receipt of 3d. and the coupon completed on page 33.

FREE to indigestion sufferers—pocket (or handbag) sample of Moorland indigestion tablets and diet chart. Write (enclosing 1½d. stp.) to W. H. Cartwright, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.), Rawdon, Leeds. See page 37.

FREE to sufferers from bad legs and all circulatory troubles. Fill in the coupon on page 35 for free sample of Elasto, the biological remedy, and a copy of a special free booklet, fully explaining the Elasto Treatment. Send the coupon now, while you think of it.

MISCELLANEOUS.

HOW TO STOP SMOKING.—Genuine remedy, proved by Testimonials.—Write, The Stanley Institute, Ltd. (J.B.), 21, Warwick Lane, E.C.4.

ROYAL Enfield Motor Cycle for 5/- per week. Also 10,000 second-hand Motor Cycles from £5. See advertisement of Marble Arch Motor Supplies, top of page 2.

CAR Owners, Save yourselves the expense of reboring. See advt. of Douglas Holt, Ltd., on p. 3 for full particulars and sample for process. Approved by the entire Motor Press.

HOUSEWIVES, get this Free Cookery Book. Simply fill in your name and address in the Coupon in the Stork Margarine advt. on p. 25.

ACCEPT this free offer. You can get a sample of Vaseline Hair Tonic by sending a 1d. postcard to Dept. J.B.5, Chesebrough Mfg. Co., Consd., Victoria Road, London, N.W.10. You'll never suffer from dry scalp if you use this perfect hair-dressing. Vaseline Hair Tonic will give you vigorous, healthy hair. See page 30.

SEND for free folder of the "Dudley Electric 3" Vacuum Cleaner by filling in the coupon on page 31, or write, mentioning John Bull, to G.W.S. National Works, Dept. E.2, Dudley, Worcs.

FREE Cash Prizes. £25 in prizes are offered by the proprietors of Diploma Cheese for the best last line to the limerick on page 23. Read the conditions carefully and send in your entry now. Don't delay—you may forget.

THE need for a carefully planned career was never greater than it is to-day. Fill in the coupon on page 12, or write, mentioning John Bull, to Dept. 31, Bennett College, Sheffield, for full particulars.

WHEN you buy Marmalade, be sure it's Hartley's—the best that money can buy. It is made from real Seville oranges and fine white sugar—nothing else. Hartley's have known how to make Marmalade for the past 60 years. 6½d. buys a 1 lb. jar, but 1/- will buy a 2 lb. jar. See page 22.

NAIL BITING.—Free booklet sent privately for 1½d. stamp explains how you can free yourself (or child) of this objectionable, health-endangering habit.—Filter, Ltd. (Dept. J.B.1), 31, Broadway, Crouch End, London, N.8.

Continuing Sir Wyndham Childs' Dossier

Rate Defaulters' Prison Ordeal

I WONDER if it is really necessary to send people to prison for as long as twenty-eight days for non-payment of small outstanding arrears of rates?

In so many cases imprisonment means loss of employment and leaves the victim completely without resources, so there is no advantage either way.

Then, again, there are many cases in which a man has to go to prison after having made every possible effort to meet his obligations.

Let me add before I go any farther that I am well aware of the difficulties that often confront local authorities in the collection of rates. But sometimes I wonder if imprisonment for small amounts is not open to question.

Mr. Arthur Sweet, of Stocks Lane, Bracklesham, Sussex, an ex-Service man, was a butcher by trade. But injuries caused by a kick from a horse while on active service obliged him to abandon his calling some time ago.

* * *

His circumstances suffered, and he and his wife were reduced to selling vegetables from door to door in neighbouring Chichester in order to obtain a bare living.

A Ministry of Transport official condemned his crazy vehicle, and he had to buy another one on the hire-purchase system—an effort which called for months of sacrifice and self-denial.

As the months went by he got into arrears to the extent of £9 with his rates, and subsequent court proceedings brought in £4 2s. 9d. costs.

When a committal order was made the man and his wife, by pawning and selling all they could, raised £5.

This was sent to the authorities, who said that they could not accept instalments—the whole debt must be paid.

* * *

Friends lent Sweet the remaining £4, and thus the actual rate demand was met.

Furthermore, he had raised more money, so that at the time of his arrest there was only £2 outstanding. He was taken to Lewes prison to serve a sentence of twenty-eight days.

A kindly warder in the jail suggested that the prisoner should telegraph his wife, saying that if she could get the £2 he would be released at once.

Happily, in this man's case there were two men who were willing to put up the two notes, and the man Sweet was set free.

The other case of hardship was at Selsey—and the ratepayer concerned was Mr. Walter Mould, of Manor Road, in that village.

He got into difficulties two years ago for the first time in twenty years, and his deficiency was a matter of £4 17s. He paid off £1, but he served one month in Lewes prison for the remainder.

When he came out Mr. Mould could still not pay his rates, and so he went back to prison for a further twenty-eight days.

He is a fish salesman, and, in a place like Selsey, his trade is seasonal for the most part. He also makes a little through the sale of birds at Christmastime.

* * *

But last Christmas he could not get this little additional income, so he had to go to jail for a third time because of arrears, which by now had been augmented by police costs!

This man read in the Weekly News sheet supplement, issued in the prison, messages from the Archbishop of Canterbury and Cardinal Hinsley, the Archbishop of Westminster, wishing those in the jail a "happy" Christmas and "prosperous" New Year!

How is this man to recoup his fortunes?

Sending an individual to prison does not bring any money to local rate accounts. On the contrary, for the period he is locked up he is a charge on the community in general.

Mr. Walter Mould who has been to Lewes prison three times for arrears of rates

Beware of Mrs. Booth!

MRS. FREDERICK BOOTH, wife of the notorious charity organiser, Frederick Booth, is in a new guise.

It used to be the Destitute and Homeless Help Society. Now it is the National Women's Health Society, with headquarters in Whitehall, London, and a hostel in Peckham Rye.

But the methods appear to be the same as they always were—50 per cent. commission to collectors on their takings with an additional enormous proportion for "overhead" and operating expenditure, with the charity coming in almost as an afterthought.

A woman applied for work as a collector and was given a leaflet, signed by E. Humphrey.

This leaflet set out the objects of the society as being one to provide good clean beds and food free of charge to poor women other than women of the streets.

Inspection of the hostel at Peckham would be greatly appreciated.

The woman in charge of the Whitehall office told the applicant that there was a job as collector going, on a 50 per cent. commission basis, plus incidental expenses.

Mrs. Booth is behind it.

Now it is not so very long ago that Mr. and Mrs. Booth were running a similar hostel in another part of London. That particular house has now been let furnished.

On more than one occasion I have had occasion to warn my readers in regard to these two people.

They have been living on this type of charity racket for years, obtaining money in what appears to be an admirable cause.

Traders who trap Wives

LAST week I received a letter from a married woman begging me to do something on behalf of—as she put it—"trapped wives."

Her circumstances were unfortunate, because she had contracted a debt for a vacuum cleaner at a cost of about £23. She was in great distress because she had been afraid to tell her husband of the liability which she *presumed* she had incurred on his behalf.

By return, I informed her that she had nothing to worry about, that her husband was not responsible, that she *herself* was *solely* responsible for this debt, and that recovery could only be made from her out of her "separate estate."

She had not, in fact, any separate estate of her own, and there the matter ends.

This whole episode was the result of a dishonest traveller. He knew perfectly well she was married, because I have seen the actual bill which was sent in.

Certain rascally types of travellers, in fact, trade upon the ignorance of married people who presume that the husband is *always* liable for the debts which a wife may contract. Such, however, is not the case.

Ever since 1882, when the Married Women's Property Act was passed, a married woman has been entitled to her own property just as if she were unmarried. And *out of her* property she has to meet the debts she incurs, and a husband is only responsible when a wife pledges his credit for what are known as "necessaries," *e.g.*, commodities, etc., required to keep the household going.

* * *

Food, light, heat, clothing, furniture, utensils, are obvious necessaries, but a vacuum cleaner at a price of £23 in a household of a workman earning, say, £3, is certainly *not* a necessity. Thus a husband is not responsible.

I have had many cases before me where married women have been sued in county courts, and husbands have gone on paying instalments ordered by the court under the belief that they are responsible Those who have written to me no longer continue to pay.

Honest travellers, and there are plenty of them, should—and, of my knowledge, do—secure an *assent in writing from the husband*, which makes the bargain fair and lawful.

* * *

Dishonest travellers, as I have indicated above, trade on the ignorance of a vast majority of people.

My advice to married women is this:

If you have means of your own, buy what you like, or incur such debts as you know you can meet.

But don't, if you have no such means, do something foolish which you are frightened to tell your husband about because you believe he is responsible.

And, if trouble ensues, *own up at once*!

Literary "Expert's" Diploma Swindle

APPLICATIONS are invited for the position of Hostess or Host Librarian, commencing salary £220 per annum; details at interview (in Bristol). Write P.R.C., 46, Black Lion Lane, London, W.6."

This was the tenor of an advertisement which appeared in a west of England newspaper.

One of my readers applied and duly received a reply on letter-paper headed, "Public Relations Council (Royal Charter Applied For), Registered Offices, 18, Gloucester Terrace, London, W.2. Organising Secretary, E. M. Fleet."

* * *

It was a very strange communication, conveying the information that a representative of the Public Relations Council was prepared to interview the applicant, together with three others, at a Bristol hotel on a certain date. But the writer reminded his correspondent that he had previously made the journey to Bristol on a similar mission and nobody turned up to meet him.

Having this contretemps in view, the Public Relations Council had decided that if the four applicants wished to be interviewed they must each deposit the sum of £2 as proof of their *bona fides*.

* * *

If the money was forthcoming, then an appointment would be fixed. The letter was signed by the "Director of Appointments."

This reader sought my advice. I am glad of that, because I am able to state that this whole affair is a fraud.

In the course of its brief existence the Public Relations Council has had several London addresses, having been accommodated in Inverness Terrace, Bayswater; Buckingham Gate, Westminster; as well as the existing office in Gloucester Terrace.

Ostensibly the firm is run by "E. M. Fleet," but I can reveal that the guiding spirit behind it is Frank James White, a polished and accomplished rascal well known to Scotland Yard.

One of his ventures, the "Faculty of Criticism," until quite recently offered remunerative work as publishers' readers of original manuscripts to those who would put down a registration fee of two guineas.

* * *

They would then be affiliated with the "Royal College of Literature." (I wonder if in this case a Royal Charter was applied for?)

Another of his enterprises is the "Book Censorship Board" which was formed somewhere about a year ago with similar literary objects. It differed in the sense that this time the fee was a humble pound note.

A Birmingham reader sent two guineas to the "Royal College of Literature," and in due course received a "diploma," quite worthless, of course.

* * *

Strangely enough, this same man has since received a letter from another dupe who complains of the loss of £33. I do not know if he also has a diploma.

White was recently fined under the Business Names Act in connection with the "Book Censorship Board."

At Scotland Yard he is known as E. H. Hargreaves, and Julian Francis, with a bad prison record. There are eight convictions against him, one in 1933 of five years' penal servitude for a quite despicable fraud.

Need I say more?

Questions & Answers

on
RATIONAL
TAILORING

STANDARD PRICES
50/-, 63/- & 75/-

Q. *What does Rational Tailoring mean exactly?*

A. Sound tailoring at rational prices 50/-, 63/- and 75/- — no extras.

Q. *Why do The Fifty Shilling Tailors think that these are rational prices?*

A. From their own point of view they are the prices at which they can guarantee a sound cloth and good workmanship; from the customer's point of view they are the prices which enable him to afford all the clothes he needs to keep well dressed.

The **FIFTY SHILLING TAILORS**

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OVER 300 DEPOTS IN ALL PRINCIPAL CITIES AND TOWNS

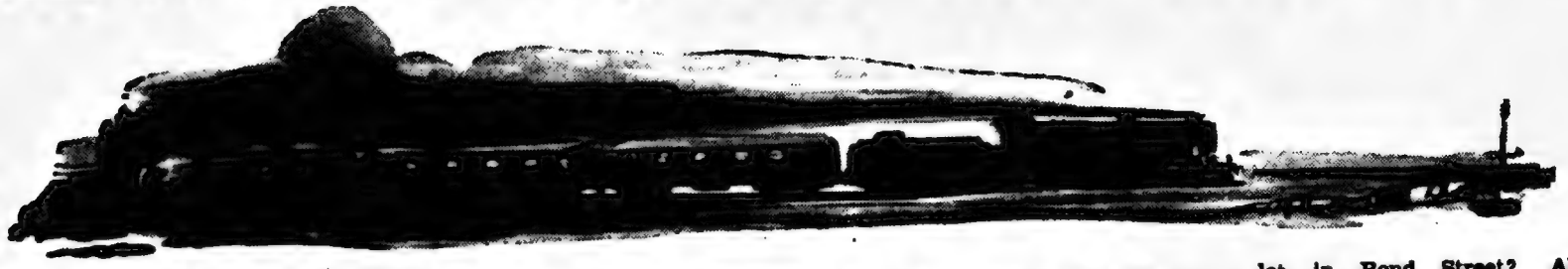
The demand for CAPSTAN increases daily —say W.D. & H.O. WILLS

"So it seems, 'Ercules"

WILLS'S
CAPSTAN CIGARETTES
10 FOR 6P. 20 FOR 11½P.

C.C.598E.

Sequels to Famous Stage Plays—No. 1—The Ghost Train



EXCURSION

by Arnold Ridley

(Author of the famous play)

What Happened

Through the stupid behaviour of a "silly ass," Teddie Deakin, passengers miss a connection and are stranded at Fal Vale, a tiny Cornish railway station.

A terrible night—rain and wind.

They plan to pass the time in the waiting-room, to the horror of the old stationmaster, who says the station is haunted by the ghosts of people killed in a railway accident and by the ghost of the train itself rushing on to disaster.

The accident happened owing to the sudden death of the previous stationmaster.

In spite of the gloomy prospect, the passengers settle down for the night. Later, they are disturbed by the finding of the dead body of the stationmaster outside.

Julia Price appears, apparently insane. She declares that the ghost train will run that night and that anyone who sees it will die.

The mysterious train rushes through the station.

The party is dissuaded from leaving owing to further stupid behaviour on the part of Teddie Deakin, who in the end discloses the ghost train and Julia Price as part of an attempt to run guns and ammunition into the country.

His real name is Teddie Morrison—a secret service agent. Now read this exciting sequel.

TEDDIE MORRISON was bored, and the thing that bored him most was the fact that he *was* bored. Seven years on Secret Service work in the Far East, and now this.

Seven years with almost every night bringing a dream of being back in "dear old London," and now home again and at a loose end and disgruntled after only a week of leave.

He stood in Leicester Square on that warm autumn evening and looked at the lights. How London had changed!

Luxury flats in Park Lane, a range of concrete mountains in Long Acre, and here in Leicester Square Shakespeare among the cinemas.

A poster advertising "The Cornish Riviera" attracted his attention.

Cornwall! An idea. Why not run down to see Charles Murdoch?

Teddie had never forgotten how Murdoch had stood by him that night at Fal Vale when he had unravelled the Ghost Train mystery.

★ ★ ★

He'd chance it and wire Murdoch straightaway.

"*Back in England unexpectedly. Will come down Friday if convenient. If not wire. . . .*"

The man who had been sticking a stamp on to a postcard bumped into him. The telegram form fluttered to the ground.

"I beg your pardon," said the man.

They both stooped, but it was the stranger who recovered the form.

"I'm really terribly sorry."

"Not at all," said Teddie, taking the form from the man, who raised his hat and left the Post Office.

Teddie joined the group at the counter. Why had that stranger read his telegram? Had he read it?

Nonsense! He was just imagining things. Too much Secret Service work these past years. If he wasn't careful he'd be behaving like a detective of fiction.

An hour later, following the suggestion of the porter at his hotel, Teddie Morrison was sitting at dinner overlooking a greyhound racing track.

Teddie looked at his card. The next race was the Greyhound Derby. Dick the Killer. Good heavens! The porter had given him half-a-crown to put on.

A second later Morrison had forgotten all about dog races, Dick the Killer and the porter of the Jermyn Street hotel.

He was looking at the woman who had seated herself at a near-by table. It couldn't be—and yet it was. It *was* Julia Price.

"Look out!" screamed the girl as the detective grabs her . . . Teddie dashes up the steps to meet the man with the revolver

Julia Price, the leader of the Fal Vale gun runners, the woman who had fooled him for nearly a year with her ghost train, and whom he had last seen being led from a dock to serve a five years' sentence.

Well, it didn't seem to have changed her looks. The years had gone kindly with her, in spite of it. "Almost as beautiful as she was then," he thought.

But what was she doing here, and in that dazzling evening dress, and carrying that bag which must have cost a lot in Bond Street? Also, would she recognise him? Unlikely, but better be on the safe side. After the next race he would slide quietly away.

He hadn't long to wait. Already the dogs were being put into their traps, and the excited murmurings of the crowd were rising to a crescendo, drowning the loud voices of the bookmakers.

Everyone was hurrying to the windows of the restaurant; customers, waiters—everyone. Julia rose from her seat and hung the expensive bag over the back of the chair.

As she moved forward to join the excited crowd Teddie saw her touch the spring of her bag so that it sprang open and hung agape.

Off!

For a few seconds there was a breathless hush as the dogs leapt from their traps.

A big black fellow had the best of the track. No. 5. Dick the Killer? Teddie glanced at his card. No. Dick the Killer was No. 2.

★ ★ ★

Where was he? Right back in the ruck. Last but one.

They dashed around the first bend. The leader was drawing away.

Suddenly the crowd began to roar. Dick the Killer was coming up. He was running third. Almost second. He *was* second.

But No. 5 was still five lengths ahead. Now only four. Three. Could Dick the Killer do it?

They came around the last bend. The crowd went mad. It seemed as though every eye in the stadium was glued upon the lighted track.

All but Teddie's. Some instinct caused him to turn his head, and for the second time that night what he had seen made him forget the greyhounds.

A man was standing by Julia's table and taking a note from his pocket. He dropped it into Julia's bag and walked swiftly away.

A final yell from the crowd announced that the race was over. Teddie turned to the man next to him.

"Who's won?" he asked.

"Dick the Killer, of course. Didn't you see?"

Teddie walked back to his table. A thought struck him.

"Dick the Killer won and I forgot to put on that half-crown for the porter. Damn. I shall have to pay the odds myself, I suppose. *Not* my lucky night—yet."

★ ★ ★

Teddie had to make a quick decision. Should he slip away according to his former plan, or remain and keep an eye on Julia and risk her recognising him?

It was soon settled. Julia had recognised him. She was standing at her table, staring at him with a half incredulous smile on her lips.

Well, he'd have to bluff it out now.

He got up and crossed to her table.

"Miss Price, I believe?"

Julia held out a friendly hand.

"How nice to see you again, Mr. Deakin—or should I say Mr. Morrison?"

They shook hands.

"I do hope you'll join me—that is if you're alone."

"I am alone."

"Then do please sit down."

"It's very nice of you," said Teddie, as they seated themselves.

"Not at all. I've so looked forward to seeing you again."

(Continued on page 38)

Thousands are deserting Agriculture yearly. BUT "John Bull" shows that, if the cultivation of the land is seriously reformed, there will be—

TWO MILLION JOBS GOING BEGGING

WITHOUT doubt, the Prime Minister's speech last week was the most important message to the country in the last ten years. And one of the strangest!

To the crowded benches of the House of Commons, and beyond them to every man and woman, Mr. Chamberlain spoke of "the enormous, the almost terrifying power" of Britain's armed might.

He said nothing of one vital, almost incredible, chink in Britain's armour.

Though he avowed that our two main objectives must be to protect ourselves and to keep open the trade routes for our food and raw material, that was the only mention of food in his long survey.

Not a word about producing enough food to stop us from starving in the event of war.

What did he do?

Not a passing reference to food storage.

No mention of the grave decline of agriculture!

Dr. Addison pioneered agricultural marketing

Extraordinary!

If trouble arose, we could go on importing a certain amount of food by way of the costly and hazardous convoy system. Yes, but we could not import enough.

Only a few weeks ago, Mr. J. R. Clynes (Food Controller in the last war) revealed in these columns that at one time between 1914 and 1918 we were nearly starved out.

And then we were growing much more food in Britain than we are now—and our population was smaller.

Unless we revive agriculture, our position in peace or war will become parlous. The drift from the land must be stopped.

In one year alone (1936) more than 32,000 men left the farms. Nearly a quarter of a million have gone in the last seven years!

Every year some 80,000 acres go out of cultivation.

There are now 28,268 farms fewer than seven years ago; England and Wales have less land devoted to crops and grass than at any time since the war, though Britain has the most fertile soil in the world.

How can the rot be stopped?

Only, JOHN BULL believes, by drastic measures.

We want to see a scheme for agriculture as a whole—a scheme that will give a fair return to the farmers, better wages for the workers, and good, wholesome, reasonably cheap *British* food for every man, woman and child in the kingdom.

* * *

It can be done. As one of our greatest experts declares, we can grow enough to support a population of seventy million people; yet at the moment we have to import more than half the food consumed by our forty-five millions, many of whom get far less than they need.

This is how the scheme would work:

The Government would supervise the growing of crops. It would decide that each district should grow only those crops best suited to its particular soil.

It would see that all fallow land was put into cultivation.

There is actually enough to provide jobs for two million persons—more than the present number of our unemployed!

It would see that the land was kept in good condition. The old-fashioned prejudice of many farmers to modern methods of fertilisation and crop-raising would be ruthlessly defeated.

Next, it would guarantee to take all the farmers' produce and to market it at an economic price.

This would mean not only fair profits for the farmers, instead of the losses they often sustain, but more money for agricultural workers and cheaper food for the public.

Produce from each area would be collected and taken to a market in a large town.

Into Cardiff and Swansea, for example, would be transported all the food grown within a radius of fifty miles or so. From these markets it would pass to the smaller towns, and so to retail shops and the consumers.

Prices in these markets would, of course, be rigorously controlled. At the moment many a grower is left with an actual loss after paying high transport costs, brokerage and other middlemen's commission.

Such cruel irony would be impossible if a national distributing scheme were evolved, for surplus middlemen would be eliminated.

There would be neither glut nor shortage, for the needs of each area would be worked out and adequate supplies alloted to it. Denmark has long had a similar plan in operation; the result is that Danish farmers are probably the most prosperous in the world.

In the other Scandinavian countries, also, farmers are guaranteed against loss, and their land kept fertile and rich by the compulsory use of efficient methods.

It is only fair to say that the Government is already doing more in these directions than the general public may realise.

The Ministry of Agriculture is ever willing to give advice on the latest developments in land cultivation; the Agricultural Research Council does invaluable work in fostering scientific investigation.

Subsidies are doled out with a lavish hand. This year the Ministry will cost us some £2,300,000. Add £2,250,000 for the beet sugar subsidy. Nearly five millions for livestock and cattle fund. Another mere £600,000 for the milk scheme.

All these efforts, however excellent their aims, fail because they are piecemeal measures.

There is no co-ordination, no national and comprehensive plan into which each part can dovetail and be assured of success.

Would the Government's supervision of agriculture from start to finish be a terribly revolutionary departure?

Hardly. For already the State is the biggest food-producing and marketing organisation in the country.

* * *

The Land Settlement scheme, by which workless men are trained as smallholders, is by far the greatest farming concern in Britain—and though it has been established only a few years, it is making a satisfactory profit.

Revolutionary or not, only such a plan can make Britain self-supporting. Only the State can stop land from becoming fallow; only the promise of a fair deal can deter thousands more of our young men from shaking the dust of country roads from their feet and plunging into the crowded towns.

Think, first, of those workers' just complaints.

They say they are underpaid. They are, although the wages of most of them have gone up in recent months. Only in parts of Wales is the level still below thirty shillings a week. In Merioneth, for example, the scale is 28s. 6d. for a fifty-two-hour week.

Lancashire folk, long reputed to be shrewd men of business, find that it pays to give farm workers in some parts of the county as much as 37s. 6d. for a sixty-hour week.

What did he do?

On the average the agricultural labourer's wage is now 30s. for a fifty or fifty-four hour week.

Sir John Gilmour put heavy duties on imported food

That would have seemed a fortune to his pre-war counterpart.

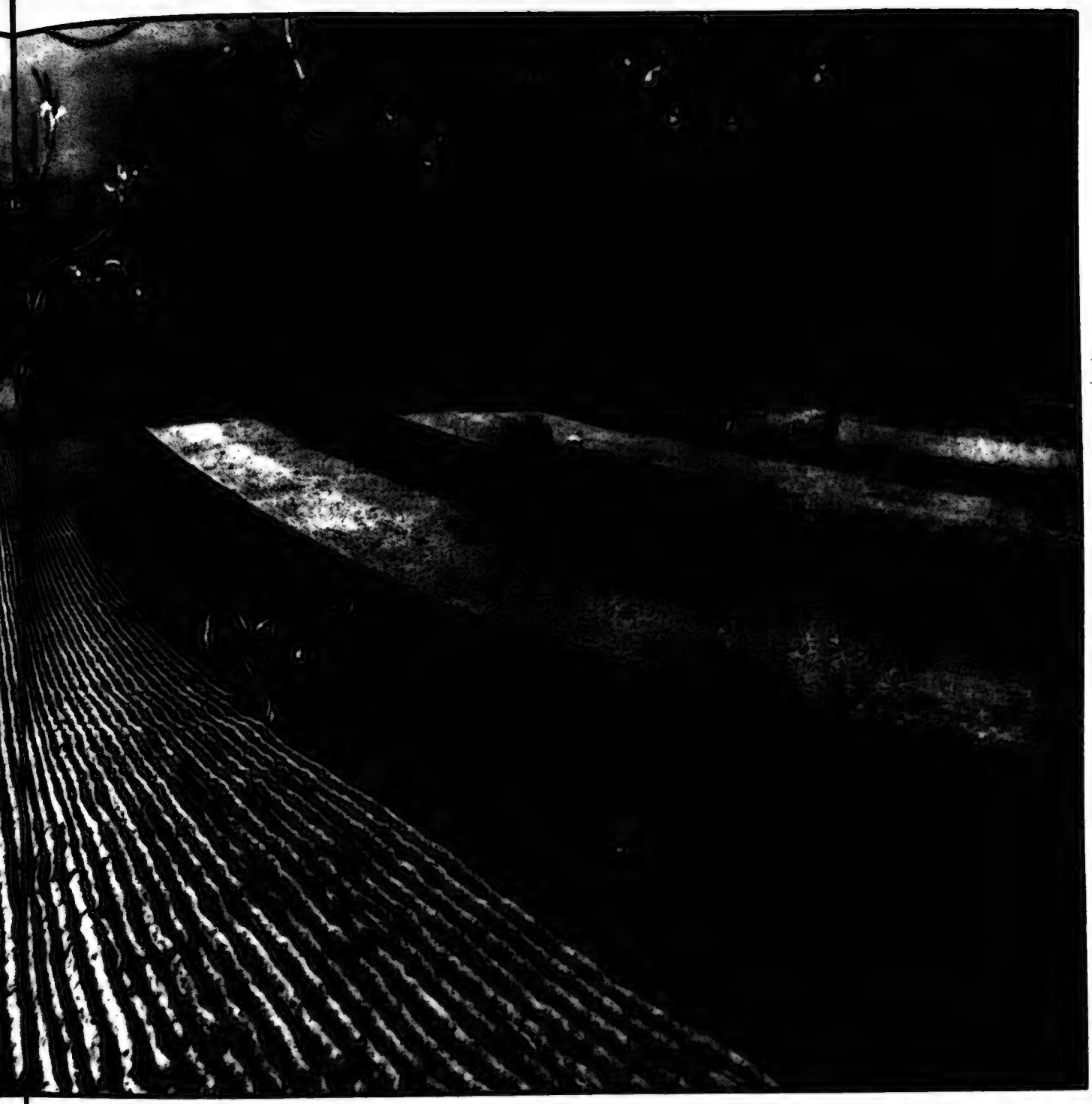
His rent, on the whole, is very little more than his father used to pay when purses were leaner and living costs higher.

But all this is no inducement for young men to follow the plough.

If they look over the hedge they see roadmen who get eleven or twelve shillings a week more for a less skilful job.

They hear tales of the £4 and £5 a week earned by 'busmen and artisans in the great towns.

And they grow envious and discontented.



His is a peaceful job; but low wages, harsh treatment and foul housing are driving thousands of his fellows from the land

Who can wonder? The fools who say that farm workers are never satisfied would not care to raise a family on 30s. a week, you may be sure; nor have they any conception of the wide knowledge and care required for agricultural life.

But there is another vital reason for the men's discontent. Housing!

In innumerable cases the pretty thatched cottage that wins the tourist's admiration is a hovel in which no family should be compelled to dwell, a hovel which breeds rheumatism and kindred diseases, a hovel without fresh water, sanitation or lighting.

* * *

Not one-fifth of the number of houses advised by a Royal Commission twenty-five years ago as "urgently necessary" have been provided!

Moreover, the tied cottage bondage still yokes hundreds of thousands of country folk in a twentieth-century serfdom.

Two out of every three rural houses in England and Wales are "tied." In Scotland, nearly all of them.

Which means that some 200,000 agricultural workers and their families live in cottages owned by their employers.

It means, therefore, conditions like these enforced by one large farmer:

"As tenant of a service cottage on the above estate, please take notice that all labour residing in the cottage shall work on the estate if, as and when required.

"No member of the household shall obtain work away from this estate unless he or she previously obtains permission from this office to do so."

So a son winning a scholarship to college could be compelled to sacrifice his prospects, and work as a ploughboy, otherwise his father would lose his job and the family be rendered homeless.

An extreme case, yes, but there have been instances of families being turned into the rain or slush, their goods dumped by the roadside.

What did he do?

Walter Elliot showered subsidies

Nothing unusual for a farm worker to sacrifice both home and job rather than allow his children to become virtual slaves!

These, in brief, are the main causes of the fall in the number of agricultural workers by nearly half a million men and women in the last twenty years.

Now turn to the farmer's problems. He, too, may appear very much better off than before the war.

Listen to this letter from a JOHN BULL reader in Sussex: "My husband and I run a holding of about ten acres—market gardening, pigs and poultry.

"We both work fourteen hours daily (sometimes more), but it's a hard struggle to live. Holidays and outings are quite beyond us.

"Town folk clamour for the penny egg and vegetables at give-away prices.

"Last year, while eggs fetched 2s. 6d. a dozen, we paid 7s. 6d. a cwt. for poultry meal.

"Now eggs are down to 2s., but meal has risen to 13s. 3d. Pig meal and horse fodder are also soaring."

We have receipts from other smallholders showing an actual loss on vegetables sent to market after transport and brokers' charges have been deducted.

Yet, of course, this scandal would be ended for ever given the scheme we have outlined.

There are, of course, wide variations according to districts and other circumstances.

Some farmers are so poor as to be facing bankruptcy (and hundreds of them become bankrupt during the year), while others are really prospering.

Generally speaking, however, it cannot be said that farmers are living on the fat of the land, as a few optimistic but ignorant public speakers have recently assured us.

Many of them, as we have hinted, do not deserve prosperity.

They are inefficient and obstinate, scorn the wonderful aids which science offers them, insist on following their conservative fancies, which are likely enough to be ruinous.

They sometimes insist, for example, on growing wheat where the soil is more suitable for market gardening.

They are so conservative, indeed, that marketing schemes have to be thrust upon them; they are contemptuous of younger men who have received modern training in an agricultural college.

Even when this is admitted, however, it remains true that even the most efficient farmers are handicapped by the present haphazard system.

The proof is the ever-increasing abandonment of rich arable land either to grass for grazing purposes or to absolute idleness, which means a further increase to the £20,000,000 a year which weeds cost our farming community.

To say nothing of a net loss in crops to Britain of many millions of pounds yearly.

And this giving up of rich, fertile land to pasture is merely a means of cutting the farmer's losses. It does not bring him wealth.

He has to feed his cattle—and feeding stuffs have soared in price during recent years.

What is he doing?

Will W. S. Morrison save the land?

He has to pay an official levy, meet heavy loss caused by the huge difference between the price of a fat cow and the price of a good newly calved heifer, pay wages and other overhead charges.

Surely, therefore, it should not excite wonder that many farmers are loudly complaining that unless they secure a more equitable return for their labour and risks they will be forced into retirement.

It is an absurdity that we are growing only enough food to supply 40 per cent. of our people, that we are paying £400,000,000 a year to foreigners to grow food for us, while fifty-five thousand farm workers are unemployed in this country and millions of acres are becoming waterlogged, weed-infested and valueless.

* * *

The National Government will have to answer to these farmers and their workers at the next General Election. Millions of votes may depend upon its action in the next few months.

It must be reminded that an industry which will produce crops, livestock, wool, and so on, to the value of £208,000,000 this year is too valuable to be lost.

Our Ministers must realise that they are courting disaster in spending hundreds of millions on arms, but begrudging a few millions to bring our food supplies up to the point where we could be 100 per cent. self-supporting.

Our rulers might do worse than listen to old Jason Trinder, Oxfordshire ploughman at 30s. a week, who for sixty years has been tilling the soil

"If I had my time over again, I'd not work on the farm," says Jason. "I'd work on the roads and get into the real money—three pound a week."

There you have a glimpse of the tragedy of the land, the tragedy that is driving young people away from the soil they love.

Can you blame them?

RACING—

Reforms that are on the way

Twenty-two-year-old Mrs. Kenneth Gethin, wife of a well-known jockey and winner of Newmarket Town Plate in the past two years

WHEN a white flag falls at Lincoln next Monday afternoon, followed by the clang of a tinny bell across the Carholme, the signal will have more significance than announcing the start of another Flat racing season.

It will mark the advent of a racing year in which tremendous and far-reaching efforts are to be made to bring our premier sport up to date and to organise it for the masses instead of the exclusive few who have dictated its conduct in the past.

To begin with, the authorities are, at long last, to get down among the small people—the people in the public rings who are the mainstay of racing, but whose comfort and opinions have been treated for so long almost with contumely.

When the Stewards and their stipendiary secretaries leave the privacy and luxury of the members' enclosures and begin to mingle with the common throng—as they intend to do throughout the approaching season—they will get first-hand evidence of the greatest grouse the ordinary racegoer has to ventilate.

This is the frequency with which favourites and form horses are bowled over in big betting handicaps without any subsequent investigation of the reason.

Enquiries are seldom made even when there is cause to suspect that men connected with the advance betting market are implicated.

Not owners or trainers, but parasites with mysterious knowledge about the inevitability of heavily-backed horses being defeated.

In-and-out running, it is true, is fortunately becoming rarer. No one expects thoroughbreds to run like clockwork horses with robot jockeys or that every horse can be a champion every day.

But it has come to be realised by the rulers of the Turf that the ordinary people who make racing possible cannot be spoon-fed much longer with hoary excuses about the glorious uncertainty of racing and that horses are not machines.

It is recognised it is they who are swelling the receipts of the Totalisator, which is more and more influencing the welfare of the sport, and that for this reason alone their grievances and discontent must be listened to—and acted on when found justified.

Best and clearest evidence, perhaps, of the doubts in the public mind about happenings in some kinds of big betting races is the virtual collapse of what is called the ante-post market—wagering on races days and weeks ahead.

★ ★ ★

Never has the reluctance of the small backer to speculate in advance been more apparent than in connection with the Lincolnshire Handicap and the Grand National, both to be decided next week.

Many bookmakers have found that, a few days before this season begins, they have recorded fewer advance bets on these two events than they would strike on a humble selling race in mid-season.

Of course, according to backers, the bookmakers themselves are by no means without blame for this dwindling support of what, until not long ago, was racing's most vigorous diversion.

As a body, bookmakers are certainly not so bold as they were. Backers, they say, have become too intelligent and well-informed for risks to be taken.

They wonder why, for instance, they cannot get bets on Portmarnock to win this year's Derby.

Their offer of seven to one against Sir Humphrey de Trafford's magnificent colt, trained by Captain Cecil Boyd-Rochfort at Newmarket, is extremely generous, they assert.

But there are very few takers. Backers may be wrong this time. They are content to wait until Wednesday, June 1, for the verdict on their intelligence.

Before the Flat season of 1938 is far advanced, a great drive will be in progress to bring about one of the most needed reforms in racing—the declaration overnight by owners or trainers of the horses they intend to run next day.

This essential innovation has been resisted solely at the instance of a few autocrats of the training profession. Happily, their power is waning.

★ ★ ★

The argument they have always used is that overnight declaration would chiefly benefit stay-at-home backers.

Why shouldn't they receive this benefit?

They are the people who pay for racing. A man, say, in Yorkshire is a stay-at-home punter when racing takes place in the London area. But without his admission money there would be no racing at Doncaster, York and the other numerous courses in the county of broad acres.

In any case, every racecourse visitor is surely entitled to know beforehand the quality of the racing he or she is invited to pay to see.

Wouldn't the public soon cease its patronage of the theatre if the star actors and actresses figuring on the programmes failed as often as not to play their parts?

Not for long now can the governors of racing expect the public to pay heavily for admission to racecourses in a blind faith about the fare with which they will be provided.

Happiest and healthiest of general signs for the improvement of racing which will be observed in the season about to begin is the number of owners who are taking horses out of large and "fashionable" stables and entrusting them to the care of trainers with modest establishments often, curiously enough, in the heart of industrial areas.

It is no longer a marvel that a man like William Carr can train horses on what he calls "a couple of meadows" at Bolton, Lancs, and send them out regularly to beat the cracks of Newmarket and the pampered thoroughbreds of the southern downs.

He and a number of other small trainers are able to do so because they can exercise personal supervision.

They can give proper attention to their charges. They do not take fees for training horses which they hardly ever see.

How ludicrous it is that some of the so-called "big" trainers don't know their own horses even when they see them in the parade ring before a race. They identify them only by recognising the lads who lead them round!

★ ★ ★

The small trainers, who have increased astonishingly in number, have nothing to hide. The work of their horses is open for anyone to see and to describe. That is why they are a mainspring of the growing popularity of racing.

And the sport itself, those who control it now see, is desperately in need of novelty.

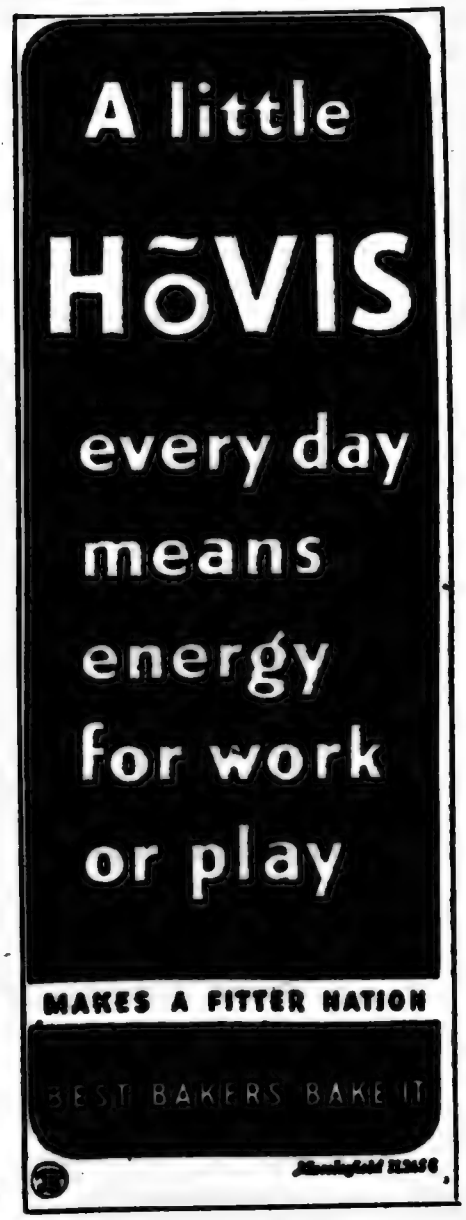
So do not be surprised if, in the early stages of the new season, an agitation begins for the introduction to racing programmes of races confined to women riders.

There is no dearth of women worthy to don silk jackets. Newmarket alone could on any day supply a full field of them.

Almost every point-to-point meeting furnishes evidence of the accomplishments and competence of women jockeys. The extraordinary skill of girls in the show rings evokes admiration.

Certainly races for women riders would be far more popular with ordinary racegoers than gentlemen riders' events.

Very few of the so-called Corinthian jockeys are pretty to watch. And their performances scare backers stiff.



RACE WITH "SILVER RING"

IMPERIAL CUP PLUM

ONE of the plums of the National Hunt season is the Imperial Cup, which is run at Sandown Park's Grand Military Meeting. The race is worth £1,100.

Trespasser won the trophy three times and Negro twice. Le Maestro, last year's winner, is bidding for the double, but I doubt if Mrs. James V. Rank's hurdler will beat some of the younger horses.

I narrow the issue to Prudent Achtoi and Rajput Prince, giving the former preference.

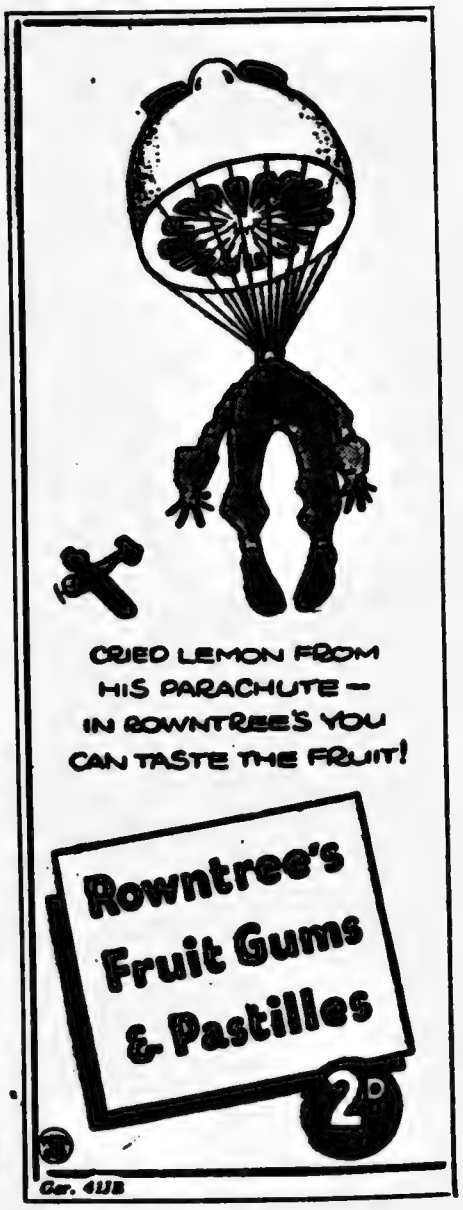
Cash Girl may take the Hunters' Chase.

"SILVER RING'S" CODE

The Code covers racing from Thursday, March 17, to Wednesday, March 23.

K X U Z R 96 96 G E D V B N H J T
S O Y 97 L W F 94 M P Q C I 93 95 A

In place of the letters or figures advertised in the *Sporting Life* and *Daily Herald* read those above or below as the case may be. Example: EXPMKAU would read MODESTY. Where a double letter occurs in a name the figure 2 is substituted: ETLK9396X2P would read MARSHWOOD.



SAME RECIPE—
but what different results

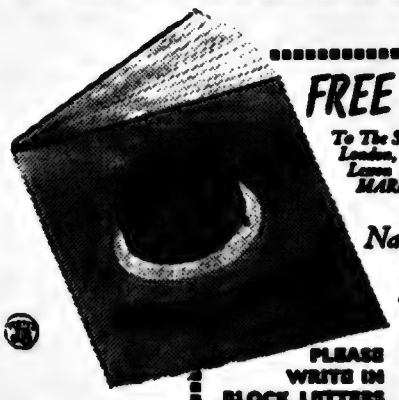
She followed the recipe exactly, but the cakes were always failures . . .

and then

she got "A Lesson in Cake Making"—it showed her just where she used to go wrong

How pleasant to open your oven door and know for certain that the cake you take out will be perfect in every way! That's what you'll be able to do with the help of Susan Croft's invaluable FREE booklet "A Lesson in Cake Making." It's full of helpful information, and gives clear instructions for making different types of cake; it also gives a list of the faults that occur in cake making, and tells you exactly why they happen and the way to avoid them. In fact it's a booklet that you simply must get. With "A Lesson in Cake Making" beside you, you'll be turning out cakes that are really tempting to look at; cakes so light and evenly baked that they almost melt away in the mouth. And as for flavour—well, just watch the delighted faces of the family as they eat them!

Don't lose time! Fill in the coupon for this FREE booklet and post it NOW.



FREE BOOK SHOWS HOW!

To The Stork Company, Dept. M.1, Unilever House, Blackfriars, London, E.C.4. Please send me, free of charge, a copy of "A Lesson in Cake Making," WHICH INCLUDES REGULO MARKS IN THE BAKING INSTRUCTIONS.

Name.....

Street.....

Town.....

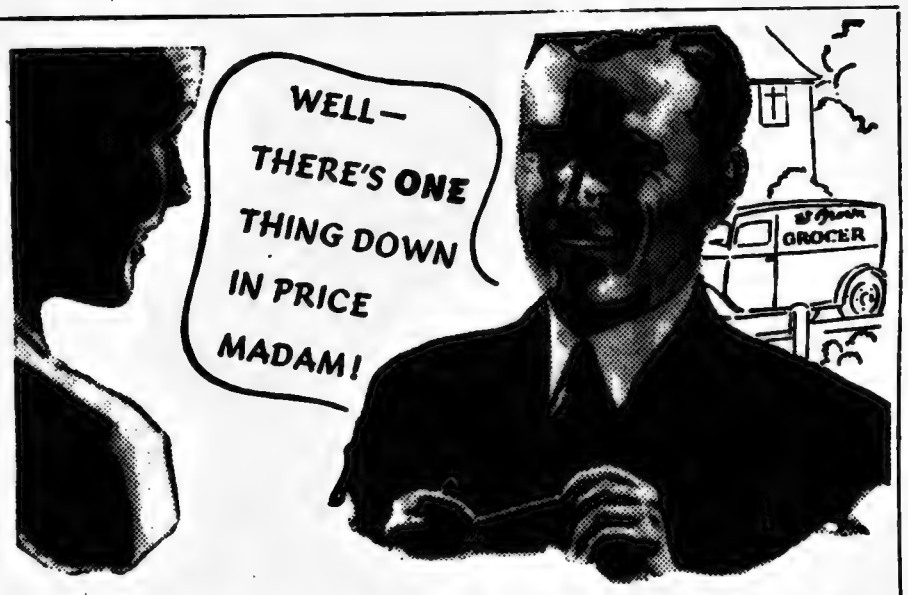
PLEASE WRITE IN BLOCK LETTERS

Post coupon in unsealed ½d-stamped envelope

STORK MARGARINE

SUNSHINE VITAMINS A & D *Gift Coupon with every pound*

JB 144-71-38



LUXURY MARMALADE COSTS

LESS!

When you find yourself thinking 'How dear everything is!'—say to yourself 'Thank goodness Hartley's isn't!' Hartley's, the best marmalade money can buy, is still *down* in price—and 6½d. buys the one-pound jar! What a blessing, with prices what they are, to know that there's one real luxury you can buy with an easy conscience. What a difference it makes, to have marmalade like this for the family's breakfast—real, honest-to-goodness Seville orange marmalade, with the clean, fresh Seville tang!

HERE'S AN OPEN SECRET!

There's nothing complicated about the recipe for Hartley's Marmalade: Seville oranges and fine white sugar—nothing else. In point of fact there are only three things needed to make a luxury marmalade like this: real Seville oranges—white sugar—and knowing how to make perfect marmalade. *As Hartley's have known for the past 60 years!*

HARTLEY'S MARMALADE

Still Down in Price

6½D PER LB. 2 lbs. 1/-

QUALITY GUARANTEED UNCHANGED

ONLY 2 INGREDIENTS —*real Seville oranges and fine white sugar.*

"John Bull" Guarantee.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee:—

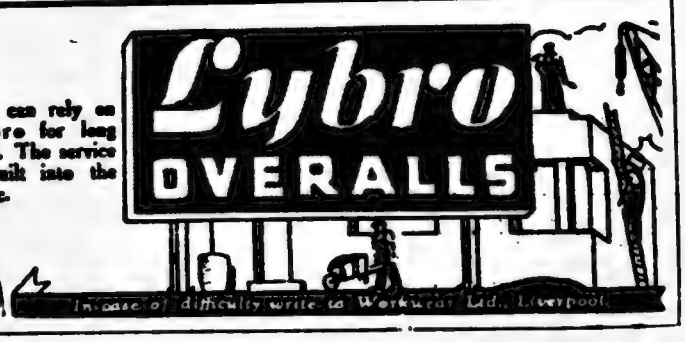
All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test which have been approved by our experts are marked—
In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona-fides of all advertisements in "John Bull." Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED, Proprietors of "John Bull."

You can rely on Lybro for long wear. The service is built into the fabric.

Lybro OVERALLS



In case of difficulty write to Worturan Ltd., Liverpool

MORE TASTE—
MORE SPEED

With a bottle of "Camp" in the cupboard you've got good coffee-making at your finger tips. All you do is to add a teaspoonful of "Camp" to each cupful of hot water and milk and delicious coffee is instantly ready. The real making has already been done for you by the "Camp" experts. They select and blend the fine quality coffees that give "Camp" the rich flavour you find only in really good coffee.

'CAMP' Coffee

For Strength and Flavour

CONSTIPATION

I like LIXEN—it's so naturally effective and good natured + it's pleasant to take

LIXEN

Obtainable only from chemists. Liquid in bottles 1/-, 1/9, 3/-. Lozenges, blackcurrant flavoured, in tins at 7½d. and 1/-.
ALLEN & HANBURYS LTD., LONDON, E.C.2.
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One slip meant DEATH!

Conrad Phillips is visiting registered readers in their homes and re-telling their big thrill. £5 5s. is paid for each story published. This week's story is from Registered Reader No. 446,050, Mrs. R. Ceeves, Arkendale, Knaresboro', Yorks.

"Every time I went to climb the face of the cliff the shale began to crumble. The only hope I had was plunging my stick into the side and holding on to that"

Reader's Story by Mrs. R. Ceeves

ALL day I had a feeling that something dreadful was going to happen.

My husband and I were working in a small hotel at a seaside resort. Sometimes it was great fun down there.

I used to love walking across the moors, but my husband preferred the cliffs.

Only one of us could go out in the afternoon, and it meant extra work for whoever remained on duty.

Although only early summer, this particular day was clear and the sun was really warm.

My husband had not been feeling well, and I suggested he took a walk after lunch. He agreed, and at two o'clock left the hotel.

Preoccupied with my duties, I did not think of him for the next two hours or so, but at four o'clock I became anxious.

I felt there was something wrong, and at first thought it might be my baby.

Running upstairs to her room I was relieved to see her all right.

Another hour passed and there was still no sign of my husband. By this time I was becoming really alarmed. He had never before stayed away so long.

He had work to do, too, for about this time the boiler needed attention. I had to go down to see to it.

Another hour passed, and I was nearly frantic. For as well as wondering where my husband was, I feared the proprietor discovering his absence.

If he had done so we might have been dismissed—at least, that was my feeling—and we had previously been unemployed for a long time.

At six o'clock I put the baby to bed. Seven o'clock came and still my husband had not returned. With baby asleep I dare not go out to try to find him.

Once or twice when I saw the boss I was in two moods whether to tell him.

BY ten o'clock I was on the verge of breaking down.

Then, just as I was about to go to our employer, my husband walked in.

As long as I live I shall never forget the terrible look on his face. He seemed like a man who had been in hell.

His face was as white as the ceiling, and his eyes were filled with horror.

Blood was pouring from his fingers, the nails of which were partly torn off. His clothing was ragged and dirty, and he was hatless.

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed. "Whatever has happened to you?"

Down he slumped in a chair, exhausted. It was some minutes before he could speak.

He just sat there, with his bloody hands holding his head, staring blankly at the carpet.

I bathed his hands and gave him a stimulant. He began to recover.

"Now tell me what happened," I said.

"I've been face to face with death for six hours," he whispered. "Do you understand what that means?" Before I could reply, he went on with his story:

"This afternoon I started off along the cliffs.

"I thought it would be good fun to go down to the sea, although it was a sheer drop of about 200 feet.

"What made me do it I don't know. I must have been crazy.

"It was all right going down. But I felt as I descended that I should have some difficulty in getting back.

"This came with the realisation that the cliffs were mostly shale, and I remembered the warning notices I had seen along the edge of the cliffs.

"But I prided myself I had the strength and climbing ability to make it.

"At the bottom I looked up. It was then the danger struck me. It seemed an impossible climb, so I walked by the edge of the sea, trying to find an easier way.

"After a quarter of an hour I began to despair. There was no footing anywhere.

"Every time I went to climb the face of the cliff the shale began to crumble.

"The only hope I had was plunging my walking-stick into the side and holding that.

"By doing this I was able to scrape a hole in the shale big enough to support my feet. Then I plunged the stick into the cliff higher up, and repeated the process.

"What alarmed me most was the problem of getting above the high-water mark before the tide came in.

"I don't know why, unless it was fear, but I simply could not look down at the sea.

"All the time I could hear it singing in my ears and it got on my nerves.

"Soon I began to lose all sense of feeling. Fear of dying—of plunging down that cliff and bouncing on the rocks below—so terrified me that physical pain did not matter. I was fighting for my life.

"OCCASIONALLY, during those hours of digging and climbing foot by foot up that cliff, parts of my life flashed through my mind.

"I remembered myself as a boy—the good times I had fishing and playing games.

"Then I thought of the future. There seemed so much to do before I died.

"I didn't want to go so young. What would become of you and baby? These worries were more terrible than the prospects of my slipping and plunging to death.

"It wasn't so bad while there was light, but when it began to get dark I was really scared.

"Sooner or later I felt my nerve must fail. I tried not to think about it, but I couldn't help myself. When you are hanging on to a stick—the only thing between you and death—you can't kid yourself.

"You know that the least mistake will mean your end.

"Then, when you feel terribly tired, you can't ignore the fact that your strength is giving out. You know that sooner or later you won't be able to climb any more.

"AFTER a while you find that death isn't so fearful as you imagined. Your mind becomes filled with thoughts that make you feel that it's not worth while going on.

"You see that you've got to die some day—why not now?

"And you feel so tired—so terribly tired.

"But just as you are going to give up, you start hoping and fighting again.

"After about six hours of digging and climbing I reached the top.

"I rolled over on my back, and started praying. For the first time I understood just how sweet life is.

"And, think of it, a walking-stick saved me!"

We still have that stick as a memento.

How they all come shoving into the dining room when it's time for supper! They always enjoy their meals, because Mother never forgets the Pan Yan. It has such an enticing flavour! And there are special ingredients blended into it to stimulate digestive organs. That helps to keep people cheerful—because after all 'good temper starts in the stomach'! But you can't get that special stimulation from anything but Pan Yan!

PAN YAN FOR JOLLY GOOD MEALS

The voice of the Dinner Bell

MEAT NEEDS MUSTARD

The Reasons why
MEAT NEEDS MUSTARD

1 **MUSTARD EXCITES APPETITE.** The fresh tang of Mustard on the palate makes your mouth water. It sets the salivary juices in action and the first stage of digestion is started at once. All later stages of digestion depend on this.

2 **MUSTARD SIMPLIFIES DIGESTION.** By breaking down rich, indigestible fats and breaking up the long fibres of lean, Mustard makes the task of digestion much simpler.

3 **MUSTARD QUICKENS DIGESTION.** Mustard stimulates the digestive juices of the system. The more generous the supply of these juices, the quicker and more complete is your proper digestion of food.

Mustard means Colman's all over the world

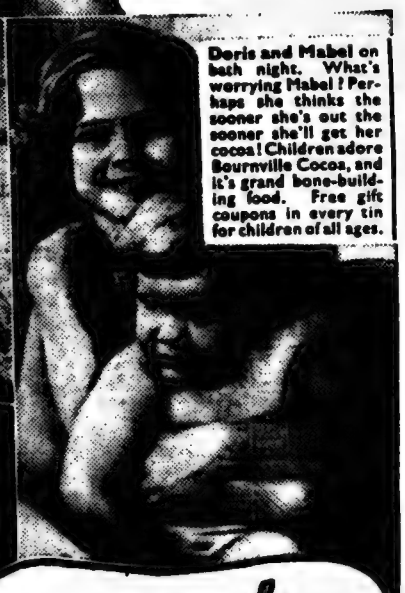
DEARER FOOD CREATES SUPPER NOURISHMENT PROBLEM

Tom Davis, the breadwinner, reckons that if all the milk he handles in churns every day were made into Bournville Cocoa, it would be a very good thing. He has cocoa every night—and plenty of it. Cocoa is food and drink to him. Very cheap energy.

Here's extra nourishment for your money

Milk made into Bournville Cocoa has 45% more food value

Food prices are rising. Housekeeping money doesn't go as far as it used to. Yet grown-ups and kiddies need just as much nourishment, just as much energy-giving food. Where can the housewife find this food without increasing expense? The answer is Cocoa. Bournville Cocoa. There's energy in abundance. And cheap energy. 28 cups from a 6d. tin. A cup of Bournville for supper is almost a meal in itself. It's food and drink combined. Concentrated health.



Doris and Mabel on bath night. What's worrying Mabel? Perhaps she thinks the sooner she's out the sooner she'll get her cocoa! Children adore Bournville Cocoa, and it's grand bone-building food. Free gift coupons in every tin for children of all ages.

Here are Mrs. Davis and the kiddies. Mrs. Davis doesn't find family feeding too easy in these days of dearer food. But Bournville Cocoa is a great blessing. 28 cups in a 6d. tin. Good for husbands, good for children, good for her. Happy families! Yes, thanks to cocoa. Bobby's school satchel is a gift from Cadbury's for collecting 43 Cocoa Coupons

A cup of cocoa is a cup of food

Cadbury's BOURNVILLE COCOA

6d. per ¼ lb. tin
11d. per ½ lb. tin

Gift coupons in every tin. Over 4,000 Gifts posted a day to users of Bournville Cocoa.

Both have FAIR HAIR

. . . what do you use?

There is a very simple reason why every fair-haired woman should use a special shampoo. Fair hair is of a much finer texture than brunette hair and the scalp of fair women is much more sensitive too. Stablond, the original fair hair shampoo, is especially made to suit the characteristics of the most delicate fair hair.

Stablond not only cleans your hair and makes it soft and silky (any good shampoo will do that), but it does what no other shampoo even claims to do; brings back the true golden colour to the most faded and darkened fair hair, keeps it golden—prevents light hair from darkening.

Furthermore, Stablond contains "VitaF" the amazing Hair-Vitamin. This wonderful discovery prevents dandruff and brittleness. It keeps the hair and scalp gloriously soft and supple.

If you want a bleach don't buy Stablond; but if you want to keep your hair lovely and light, Stablond is the only shampoo for you. Try it just once—try it today.

CONTAINS NO DYES OR HARMFUL BLEACHES

CROSSWORD No. 101.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS.

ON page 40 is presented the 101st of JOHN BULL'S entertaining Crossword Puzzles: you are invited to exercise your skill and knowledge by completing it with the guidance of the Clues provided.

Aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to the Clues form the standard of excellence by which entries will be judged, and all decisions will be based on the Answers of Competitors. This judging will be carried out under the supervision of an Adjudication Committee consisting of the following:—The Editor of JOHN BULL; Doctor Lascelles Abercrombie, LITT.D., D.LIT., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.LIT. LITT.D., D.LIT., M.A.; and Doctor C. E. M. Joad, M.A., D.LIT.

Each entry received will be carefully considered, and the First Prize-winner will be the competitor who on one Entry-square has completed the Puzzle and has given what, in the opinion of the Adjudication Committee, is the best set of Answers to the Clues provided. And this set of Answers will constitute the winning Puzzle-square.

If at any points in the Puzzle where a choice of words exists the Adjudication Committee decides that no one word submitted can be preferred on the test of aptness and accuracy, then competitors there using words of equal merit on Answers will be regarded as having tied at those points, which will be duly indicated when result and winning Puzzle-Square appear in JOHN BULL published Thursday, April 7, 1938. The reasons which decided the Committee's Award will be published in JOHN BULL'S then weekly Crossword Gazette, exemplimentary copy of which is obtainable as instructed on page 40. The Second Prize will be awarded to the competitor whose entry is next in order of merit. In the event of a tie or ties the appropriate cash prize will be equally divided, but not more than one cash prize and one other prize will be allowed to one author in any one contest.

Acceptance of the findings of the Adjudication Committee in regard to the most meritorious entries and of the Editor of JOHN BULL in all other matters is a condition on which entries are accepted and is legally binding on all entrants for this Crossword Competition.

Get this NEW COOKERY BOOK —It's FREE!

FILL in the Coupon on page 25 for a copy of the new Free Stork Cookery Booklet, "A Lesson in Cake Making," just published. Post the Coupon now while you think of it!

Innocent—but Herded with Convicts

Scandal of prisoners refused bail and, though proved innocent, jailed with convicts

Is this Black Maria full of innocent men?

IT has often been said that in England, by the rule of law, an accused man is innocent until he is proved to be guilty.

Here is a tradition which has maintained through the centuries. It may be regarded as something in the nature of a birthright.

For that is the popular belief.

But have you ever thought of what happens occasionally to prisoners on remand?

You know what we mean by a remand prisoner—a man who is put back in custody while medical or police authorities make enquiries into his antecedents.

When he appears before the court for a second time he may well be acquitted, but in the interim he is treated to a large extent like an ordinary prisoner, and it seems little care is taken to prevent his identification being made known to the common run of felons among whom he has perforce to mix.

Lately there have been a number of glaring instances in which men have been wrongfully detained in custody and afterwards released, with sometimes just an apology and the rider of "no stain on his character."

Apparently certain magistrates have only the slightest knowledge of what is entailed by the so-called "remand in custody." In actual fact there is little difference made between the remand prisoner and the convicted felon.

★ ★ ★

At Manchester last month a Whalley Range salesman spent eight days in jail and was subsequently found to be completely innocent of the charge made against him. He was not even given any costs.

Then this very month there was a case in which an unfortunate man was remanded in custody for the crime of being down and out and wandering abroad. He was not a criminal.

He died in Brixton Prison of pneumonia accelerated by exposure. He had been given a cup of tea and two slices of bread and butter while waiting in a cell at Bow Street.

Our investigations prove that too often persons are deprived of their liberty and incarcerated on so-called "remand" without adequate enquiries being made. Too often there is a reluctance to admit to bail.

The result is that often innocent people are sent to jail as remand prisoners and are forced to mix with people of criminal type.

We have come across one very serious instance of the way in which a prisoner, who happened to be taken up for something that scarcely amounted to a misdemeanour, was treated in Brixton Prison while "on remand for enquiries."

He was a young engineering student. He had dined a little too well, and in a moment of exuberance decided to ride round the streets of a riverside town on a bicycle that did not belong to him.

That he had every intention of returning to the restaurant was evidenced by the fact that he left behind his hat and coat and certain other properties.

But in the meantime he was arrested on a charge of appropriating the bicycle for an illegal purpose, and in the end he was remanded in custody for a week so that enquiries could be made as to whether he was an inebriate or even a little light in the head.

Following the eventual proceedings, his escapade was described as a "foolish prank."

It transpired that he selected a woman's bicycle for his joy ride through through the town.

The hat and book he left behind both bore his name. He had the misfortune to collide with a police car, and that may account for his arrest.

★ ★ ★

Certainly it could not be maintained he had any intention of stealing the bicycle.

We are under no illusions as to the legality of the proceedings in his case. The man could rightly be regarded as guilty of acting in an unusual manner.

But we are seriously disturbed by the revelation that during his enforced stay at Brixton Prison he had to mix with men with prison records that his identity was made known to such an extent that since his release he had been approached by at least one old lag who happened to be in the same ward in which he was detained.

He described how he arrived in the Black Maria. He and several other delinquents were marched to the reception office and questioned one by one.

Their names were called out, and after that enquiries were made as follows: "Age? Calling? Have you ever been in trouble before?"

From the moment this young man, naturally respectably dressed, had his name made known it was quite perceptible that several other "guests" took an immediate interest.

He was the type that might be useful at a later date for purposes of blackmail or collaboration.

He was taken, like everyone else, to be bathed, measured, medically examined. He was deprived of his personal property and eventually put in a cell.

A remand prisoner is just an ordinary prisoner. It is not the fault of the officials but of the system.

When he informed the doctors that he was training to be an engineer, one of them said, "Why do engineers steal bicycles?"

In consequence of the nature of his remand he was taken after a while to the hospital ward, where he found himself in strange company. We think he is entitled to his complaint that apparently he was looked on as guilty although actually only on remand.

What did that company in the ward consist of? A very varied assortment of criminals.

First of all were two men on remand charged with murder. One was subsequently hanged. The other was found guilty of manslaughter and served for twelve months.

There was a thief charged with being armed. He got three months' hard labour.

Two of his ward fellows were there for shooting with intent to kill. Their subsequent sentences were a year and eighteen months respectively.

★ ★ ★

There were also two debtors, one of whom, a saddler, wept himself to sleep every evening on account of difficulties with a maintenance order.

And there were several more with charges against them of various kinds varying from petty crime to larceny and offences against common decency.

It requires no great effort of the imagination to realise the potentially terrible possibilities of this haphazard system.

The prisoners talked freely with each other, and the youth, had he been of an impressionable nature, might easily have been persuaded into a life of crime in such an environment.

A burglar, the one taken with a gun, constantly boasted of his exploits.

He even showed where he concealed jewels on occasion. To the astonishmen of everyone he ripped up the lapel of his coat and produced six fine opals.

During that disconcerting week the young engineering student had to submit to several humiliations.

★ ★ ★

Although each prisoner is issued with a numbered tag which he has to button to his coat, there is no attempt by the prison officials to preserve the secret of his identity. Should there be a letter for him or a visitor waiting to see him he is summoned by name.

This is the kind of cry which passes down the ward:

"Brown."

"Letter for Smith."

"Visitor for Jones."

And the ear of the temporarily imprisoned blackmailer takes it all in.

Shortly after his acquittal the young engineering student happened to be successful in a newspaper competition and his address was duly disclosed.

You can well conceive his astonishment when, a few days later, he received an illiterate scrawl from an unknown correspondent who begged his charity on the grounds "they had both been in the same ward in Brixton jail." Here is a very disgraceful state of affairs. In most cases prisoners on remand are criminals with a number of convictions or persons who are known to the police.

But there are others who are taken into custody either through misapprehension or by reason of the absence of information, and who are innocent of offence. That they should be forced to mingle with felons is in itself undesirable.

That their identity should be disclosed while they are in custody makes them easy victims of ultimate blackmail by unscrupulous rogues who can take advantage of their special knowledge.

It is a system which needs drastic overhaul.

On a cold and dreary Winter day it is a real pleasure to reach home and be greeted by the welcome brilliance of 'Mansion.' As you close the door behind you, the bright and cheery aspect created by the lovely polish on the Floors and Furniture makes you glad to turn your back on the drab dullness prevailing outdoors.

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In the grey light the enemy are advancing. There is no artillery barrage, no warning of their approach. They march swiftly and silently.

When you wake up in the morning with a sore throat and a splitting head, germs are attacking you—in their millions. They attack through the nose and throat. The warm, moist crevices of the mouth, teeth and throat are ideal breeding grounds for bacteria. They multiply with incredible rapidity and are spread by the blood stream all over the system. But you can protect yourself—with Milton.

Gargle with Milton, half teaspoonful to a tumbler of tepid or warm water, and you will find your sore throat relieved in a few minutes. Milton is essential at this time of year when germs are waiting for you round every corner. Regular use of Milton will prevent colds, too. It is the safest and most effective of all germicides. Its wonderful cleansing action clears away bacteria-laden mucus from nose and throat, without harming the delicate membranes. Milton means death to germs and health to you.

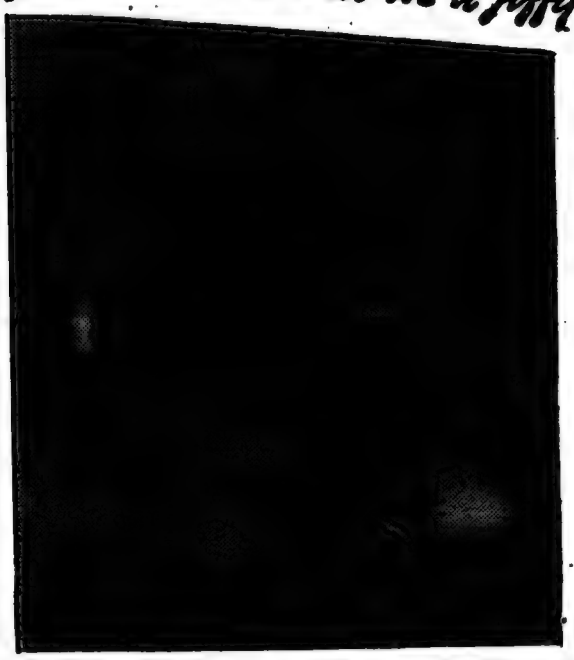
Read what Milton users say about it.

"I have suffered from inflamed and occasionally ulcerated throat for many years, but for the last five years, during the time I used your Milton, I have been practically free from this very trying affliction. I put this down to the use of Milton as a mouth wash and gargle." (E.R.P., Cardiff).

"After 3 gargles all traces of soreness and inflammation were gone, and a treatment of the nasal passages with a weak solution of Milton gave me ease of breathing for the first time for four days." (J.H., Halesowen).

Get a bottle of Milton to-day. Keep it handy for emergencies. You'll find it invaluable for many things. Read the booklet '100 ways to use Milton,' enclosed with every 6d. bottle.

From this—to this in a jiffy! WITHOUT EVEN STOPPING THE MOTOR!



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Use this HAIR DRESSING that ends Dry Scalp

DRY SCALP starts with dry hair. If unchecked, it leads to scurf, falling hair and even baldness.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is the hair dressing specially made to end Dry Scalp. Every morning sprinkle on a few drops, rub in with finger-tips until scalp tingles pleasantly. Then brush your hair.

This hair dressing keeps your hair perfectly in place; *at the same time it does your scalp good all day long.* Soon your hair will be healthier, stronger. You'll *feel* and look smarter.

'Vaseline' Hair Tonic is a very economical hair dressing. You need only a little. 1/6 and 3/- (3 times as much in larger bottle). Prices not applicable to Eire.

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Vaseline HAIR TONIC

The hair dressing that ends DRY SCALP

6577

NEW! 'VASELINE' SOAPLESS SHAMPOO makes your scalp cleaner! (Soap leaves scum on scalp like on side of bath.) Price 4d.

HUMAN DOCUMENTS BY PHILIP INMAN

Problem Children

WHAT a wide field the problems of parents cover! My postbag tells of children who are disobedient, untruthful, backward, pilferers. Let us look at some typical letters. One father says:—

My daughter is eleven. Up to the age of nine she was a normal, healthy girl—obedient, well-behaved.

Now, I regret to say, the reverse is the case.

She has become self-willed, impertinent, and appears to be growing both mentally and physically lazy. Spankings as well as appeals to her better self have failed.

When reprimanded, her reply is: "Well, what does it matter? I don't care." The only time she seems content is when lounging in a chair engrossed in a schoolgirl's "shocker."

If she is disturbed to do a little job in the house, a scene invariably occurs.

Up to sixteen months ago she was an only child, and then a little sister arrived. Mother and I decided, however, that our treatment of our elder girl was to be exactly as before, and we have adhered to that decision.

Now, it is not difficult to see what has happened in this case.

The father says that when the baby arrived he and his wife resolved that it should make no difference to the treatment of their elder girl.

But, with all the good will in the world, it was bound to make a difference.

Up to the age of nearly ten, that girl was the sole consideration of her parents.

Since then, that attention has had to be shared with the baby.

Naturally, the elder child has resented the baby, and her fits of temper are for the purpose of recapturing the limelight.

By continuing to be the meek and submissive daughter, she remains a cipher. By being naughty and self-willed, she attracts the attention which she thinks she has lost.

Her father and mother must find some way of compensating her for the changes that have taken place in the home. Can they not plan some special diversion for her, say, one evening a week or a Saturday afternoon, during which she could have her father or her mother "just to herself"?

Let them go with her to some sports club where she can enjoy skating, badminton, tennis.

★ Backward children, I know, are a source of trouble to many parents. Listen to this mother's story:

We have an only child, a boy of ten, and he is very unhappy at school. He comes home and cries almost every day.

He says that the teachers are always saying nasty things to him in front of the class, and then the boys scoff at him.

I have spoken to the headmaster twice about him, but he was very unpleasant and simply said that the trouble was due to the fact that my boy will not concentrate.

Two or three of the teachers say the same thing, but they add that in other ways my son is most intelligent.

His father and I are upset, as we think he should be making progress now.

I should add that the boy is very kind-hearted, and is always wanting to buy little gifts for us with his pocket-money.

Whenever I mention I am a little short of cash, he will go to his box and say, "There you are, Mummy; I don't need it."

So you can see there is not real badness in him.

This letter raises a very important point.

Parents and teachers ought to work together, but there seems to be a complete lack of sympathy and understanding in this case.

The mother saw the headmaster, and "he was very unpleasant"—a very wrong attitude for him to take up.

Now, I wonder if these parents have discussed that headmaster before their boy.

If so, I can understand the lad's mentality. It works something like this. 'My parents do not like you—I dislike you, too, so I don't care whether I do my work or not."

There are two ways of dealing with this problem.

First is for the lad to be sent to another school, but I don't altogether advocate that course.

It would be far better for him to face and conquer the difficulties where he is.

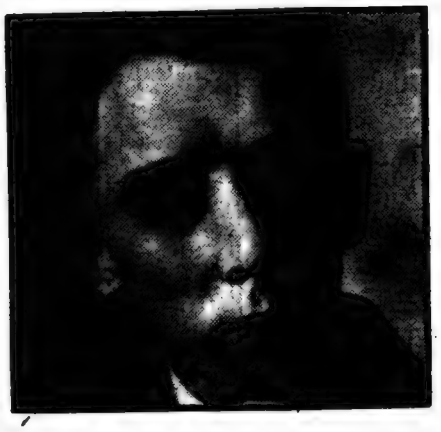
My second suggestion is that if the parents can afford it, the lad should have a little private tuition—just a couple of hours a week, outside school hours.

That would help him to pull up on his weak subjects, and, as a result, he would escape castigation by his teachers.

With increasing confidence, I am sure the lad will make progress, and then, I believe, his present unhappiness will disappear.

(1) She doesn't care

(2) He's so shy



(3) He steals

★ And it is the want of confidence that is at the root of my next problem. This boy is sixteen years old, and his mother says:

He is so terribly shy and won't make friends with anyone. If he goes to a dance or a social, my daughter tells me he sits like a stuffed dummy.

At night-school or at work he won't ask about anything he does not understand, and consequently they think he is not interested.

But in his heart he is keen to get on and is a very good son.

This mother does not tell me whether her boy has always been "terribly shy," or whether he has become so recently.

If the last is the case, she has little cause for worry.

Sixteen is a very difficult age, and at such a time many young folk become extremely self-conscious. But it passes away.

I would urge this mother not to keep talking to him about his shyness, nor should she persuade him to do things against his will.

However, if the boy has always been super-sensitive and reserved, I think a psychologist might help him. I have sent her the address of one.

A psychologist may also help my next correspondent.

She tells me that her little boy of seven cannot resist taking any money he sees.

★ But, whatever he takes, he will only spend a ha'penny of it.

Her letter continues:—

To-day he took a £1 note; his elder brother found him with it and brought it back to me.

We have all spoken to him, but without result.

I know two policemen near here who are both married men with children, and I wonder if I should ask one of them to speak to him.

I don't like this mother's suggestion of asking a policeman to intercede. It may scare the boy and do more harm than good.

I have put this mother in touch with a psychologist, and I hope he will speedily find out the cause of the trouble.

My final problem is one that is often put to me: Should parents sacrifice to give their children a first-class education?

Send your private problem to "Humanist," at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2, enclosing stamped envelope. Letters sent to Mr. Inman at any other address cannot be dealt with. £1 1s. will be paid for each letter quoted.

Saved Their Home

A STOKE-ON-TRENT reader and his wife went to bed, having put out all the lights and locked-up for the night.

In the small hours the man was awakened by the smell of smoke.

He hurried down to the kitchen, but when he opened the door the flames were so fierce that his hair was singed before he could step back.

He dashed back to his bedroom, roused his wife, and shouted for help from the window. Neighbours arrived with a ladder, down which he and his wife made their escape.

Now, this reader had only been married for eighteen months, and their home represented a long period of saving. In the ordinary way they would have been faced with the burden of having to re-equip their kitchen.

But this reader had taken the precaution of registering with the JOHN BULL Free Insurance scheme.

JOHN BULL is the only newspaper in the world to safeguard its readers against fire, storm, flood and sickness, as well as providing numerous accident benefits, including injury by burglars.

Have you protected yourself and your loved ones?

It is the work of a moment. Sign the coupon at once which you will find on page 2.

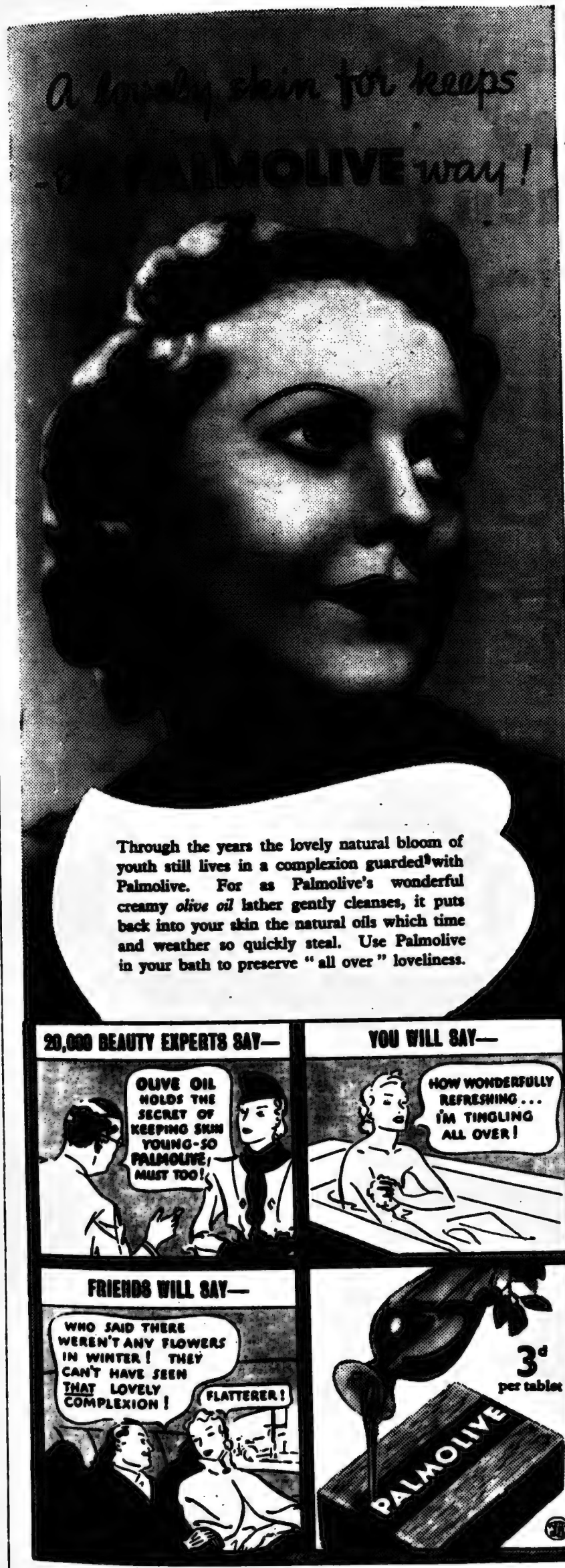
The more durable high gloss VARNISH STAIN

"Varnene," the finer Oil Varnish Stain, ensures a hard wearing, high gloss that will not readily chip or scratch. Excellent for Floors, Furniture, Doors, Stairs or Cupboards.

From Ironmongers, Oilmen, Grocery and General Dealers. In Dark Oak, Walnut, Mahogany, Light Oak, Ebony, Black and Clear (Colourless) Varnish

Tins: 6p. 1/6 & 1/6

VARNENE Oil VARNISH STAIN



Through the years the lovely natural bloom of youth still lives in a complexion guarded with Palmolive. For as Palmolive's wonderful creamy *olive oil* lather gently cleanses, it puts back into your skin the natural oils which time and weather so quickly steal. Use Palmolive in your bath to preserve "all over" loveliness.

20,000 BEAUTY EXPERTS SAY—
OLIVE OIL HOLDS THE SECRET OF KEEPING SKIN YOUNG-SO PALMOLIVE MUST TOO!
YOU WILL SAY—
HOW WONDERFULLY REFRESHING... I'M TINGLING ALL OVER!
FRIENDS WILL SAY—
WHO SAID THERE WEREN'T ANY FLOWERS IN WINTER! THEY CAN'T HAVE SEEN THAT LOVELY COMPLEXION!
FLATTERER!
3d per tablet
PALMOLIVE

BENSON time is GREENWICH time!

—and YOU can have a BENSON watch for 3/- with order.

Choose your Benson watch now and, for 3/- with order, you can possess one of these SOLID SILVER models, with fully jewelled lever movements covered by Benson's full written guarantee. Benson watches are renowned for their wonderful accuracy and are rigorously tested to ensure you many years of accurate timekeeping. These watches are remarkable value at £3.15.0 each and you can pay the balance of this low cash price in 14 monthly sums of 5/- and a final sum of 2/-. No interest charged. For many years to come your Benson watch will render you faithful service. Post the coupon NOW for FREE catalogue and special order form.

POST COUPON NOW FOR FREE CATALOGUES

OTHER BENSON OFFERS

You may purchase any of Benson's pocket or wrist watches, chains, clocks, rings, jewellery, silver, plate, cutlery, etc., on easy monthly terms at cash prices. Post coupon or call at Benson's.

BENSON'S

The original firm founded A.D. 1749

To J. W. Benson, Ltd.
62 & 64, LUDGATE HILL, LONDON, E.C.4

Please send, post free, illustrated catalogue(s) indicated, and details of your 'Times' System of Monthly Payments.

☐ A Pocket Watches, Chains, etc.
☐ B Wristlet Watches
☐ C Rings & Jewellery
☐ E Plate, Cutlery, etc.
☐ F Clocks. *☞ Please put a X against catalogue(s) required.*

Name.....J.B. 19/3/38

Address .....

.....

Make YOUR House DUSTFREE!

Easier said than done?
It was once—but not now there is a Dudley-Electric Vacuum cleaner to help you. Fill in the coupon below for the folder, and learn all about this C.W.S. electric product.

DUDLEY-ELECTRIC VACUUM CLEANERS

To C.W.S. Ltd., Dept. E.2.,
National Works, Dudley, Worcs.
Please send me folder on the Dudley-Electric 3.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

The POPULAR Model (above) one of the three models in the range, has motor-driven revolving brush and is specially made for carpet cleaning (home's dustiest job), complete with accessories: £10. 10s. 0d. (without accessories £2. 2s. 0d. less).

"I Confess!"—by a convicted share-pusher

Blackmailed by my Salesmen!

by John Marsden Firth

The judge congratulated me on the way I conducted my case

WE are still in the days of the Economic Finance Corporation, with the money rolling in from the country.

After the warning of the City of London police—which I mentioned last week—the headquarters of the company were moved across the river to Southwark Street, but we still retained the office in Cannon Street. It was here that I did my chief dealings.

Generally matters were not *too good* at this time for the "straight" share-pusher. The newspaper campaign was having effect. Jacob Factor had returned to the United States. Most of the other specialists were lying low.

Because of the minor collapse of our trade, many American and English high-pressure salesmen were at a loose end.

They were roaming about the City, trying to "muscle in" on those offices remaining in action.

Really, these lads were a nuisance. They thought they should come in on every deal. They were not above trying a piece of quiet blackmail.

For my own protection and the safety of my office, I found it necessary to employ a "strong-arm" squad. I had three men in the building, who were ready to take on any other six. They did that on several occasions.

Also, I had an auxiliary force on my pay-roll, to be called up for "active service" at short notice.

Whenever I went out my guardians went with me.

On occasions the men were extremely useful. I recall the case of a rival share-pusher, who was trying to harm me by criticism in a dirty little sheet which he published.

What made me resentful was the fact that I had helped this fellow, and had given him money with which to start a business.

It came to the point when I had to take the law into my own hands; so, calling on the "troops," I went to his office in Moorgate Street for an interview.

Believe me, it was a really good "interview." When we left, the office looked as though wrecked by a storm. We carried away the man's card-index file of clients.

Complaints were made to the City police about this escapade, and a detective-sergeant was called in. I was perfectly frank with the policeman.

★ ★ ★

Subsequently I sent the files back to the Moorgate Street office. The principal there came on the telephone moaning to me, and saying that he had a meeting of his "dud" company. Without the files he could not manage to get along.

News of what I did to my critic went round in share-pushing circles. I had no further interference. "Jack Firth is a man to leave alone," they said.

Alongside the Economic Finance Corporation I had other lines out. I developed the "British Investors' Association," which was a splendid money-making idea.

In effect, the Association was for the mutual protection and guidance of investors.

Members paid a subscription (which went into my pocket), and received advice about what to do with their savings.

Needless to say, the advice was to invest in shares which I wanted to unload through the Finance Corporation, or to take a holding in some of my non-existent commodity pools.

Through the British Investors' Association I drew an income on both the swings *and* the roundabouts. The whole thing was cleverly worked.

We were not blatant or pressing. We gained our members' confidence by giving them good advice before leading them up the garden and despoiling them.

★ ★ ★

A trick which I found worked effectively was to send presents to my clients.

One Christmas I gave away hundreds of neat suède note-cases, embossed in gold with "May it always be full." I also sent pencils and fountain-pens to the wives of customers. All this was "bread upon the waters"—it came back to me in full measure.

My idea was to create real friendly relations between the firm and its clients.

Just at this period there was nothing to which I would not turn my hand. The integrity of a scheme did not matter. "Will it bring quick money?" was the only criterion.

Here is an indication of the path I followed:

As my readers are no doubt aware, there are certain shares in highly successful companies which scarcely ever come into the market. There is thus no published price quotation for such shares.

Borrowing the name of reputable solicitors—without their knowledge—we hired an accommodation address office in a town near London. We had a letter paper prepared: "John Smith, Jones and Smith, solicitors. Also at —— Street, London, E.C.2."

Then we wrote, as from the solicitors, to shareholders in a selected company, stating that a client of ours was willing to dispose of so many ordinary shares in the company. He did not wish to do so through his broker; would the recipient like to make an offer for such shares?

Oh, how well it worked! We had scores of letters back with offers.

Naturally, all such offers were accepted by the "solicitors" on behalf of their clients. After which cheques began to arrive. We cleared the cheques forthwith and disappeared from our country address.

Unless we had adopted the guise of solicitors we could never have worked this outrageous swindle. People will always send money to solicitors. In addition, the people whom we tapped thought they were obtaining extremely valuable shares at a bargain price of their own making.

That was why they rushed in with their offers and cheques.

★ ★ ★

Twice we attempted this "racket." The first time we were not too successful, for the caretaker at the office we hired became suspicious and went to the police.

We dared not go back for our letters which were lying there.

Next time we improved our methods and cleaned up quite a respectable sum.

We were hitting things up "sky-high" with the Finance Corporation and its auxiliaries.

My travellers were on the road, rounding up new victims, and it was fairly obvious that our run could not last much longer.

The instinct, which I always have for danger ahead, told me the end was approaching; and, in addition, I received several private hints from friends that the authorities were after me.

Confirmation of this came later when I received a visit from a senior detective officer, who expressed surprise that I had selected—for my two co-directors—men known to the police as burglars with prison records.

Writs against the company quickly followed. These were succeeded by a receiving order. My burglar friends saw the red light and vanished. One of them returned to his old game, and actually found himself in the dock before I did.

I was arrested after a visit to the Official Receiver's office in Carey Street. I left a taxi outside. When I came out the cab had disappeared. This seemed strange. Taxi-drivers don't usually

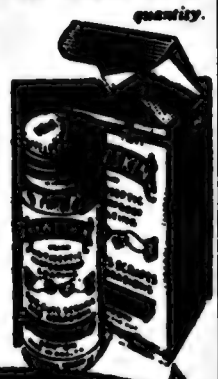
(*Continued on page 34*)

ALWAYS USE NEW SKIN FOR
CHILDREN'S HURTS
GRAZED YOUR KNEE DEAR? NEVER MIND, MUMMY WILL PUT SOME 'NEW-SKIN' ON IT
COVER WITH NEW SKIN
THERE! IT'S ALL RIGHT NOW AND 'NEW-SKIN' WILL KEEP OUT GERMS!

● Cuts, scratches, little everyday accidents — they're always happening. But they soon heal and are safe from infection under a waterproof transparent coating of 'New-Skin' Keep a bottle handy Apply it at once

For Chilblains, Cracked Lips, Chapped Hands, Cuts, Burns, Blisters etc. For Corns and Hangnails.

Buy a bottle from your chemist today The bigger bottle contains twice the quantity.

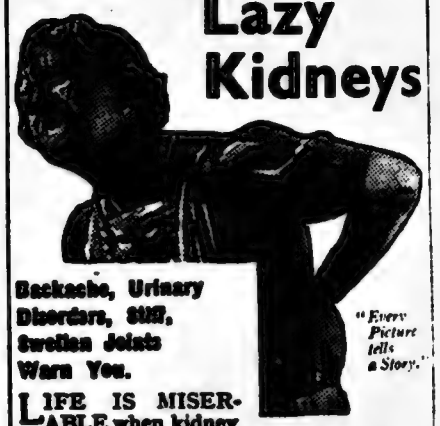


there's nothing like—

NEW-SKIN

ANTISEPTIC WATERPROOF COATING

Lazy Kidneys



Backache, Urinary Disorders, Stiff, Swollen Joints Warn You.

"Every Picture tells a Story."

LIFE IS MISERABLE when kidney action is sluggish and is failing to clean your blood. You probably have backache, bladder weakness, disturbed sleep, lumbago, swollen limbs, or stiff, painful muscles and joints. Don't wait until you are laid up, but take Doans brand Backache Kidney Pills, now. This special kidney medicine acts upon the kidneys just as a laxative acts upon the bowels, stimulating the kidney system and destroying bacteria in the urine. By making the kidneys well Doans Pills have restored the joy of living to thousands of grateful men and women.

Ended My Weeks of Pain.

Mrs. M. Lloyd, 501, Stapleton Road, Bristol, says:—"I was laid up for six weeks with inflammation of the bladder. The urine was full of gravel, relief was painful. I was nervy, had a constant aching back and stiff and painful joints. I have to thank Doans Backache Kidney Pills for ending my weeks of pain. Upon using them my health began to pick up and now my health is excellent.

(*Signed*) M. Lloyd."

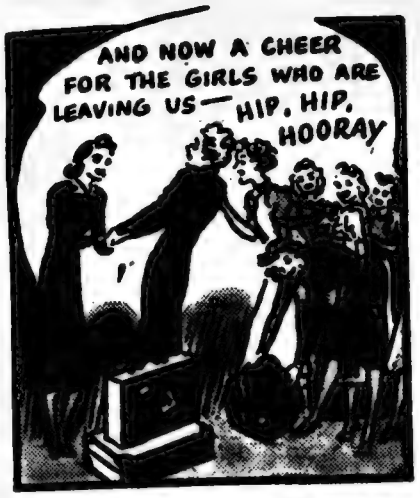
Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills

NORMA KNIGHT's rise to stardom

EPISODE 2

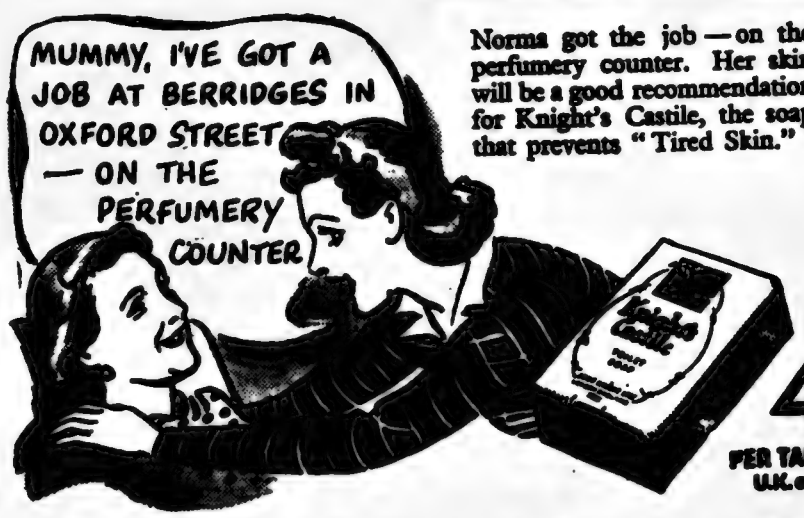
Norma leaves school



Leaving-day came, and Norma stood in Hall for the last time.

Walking along Oxford Street, Norma saw an advertisement for a sales girl.

YOUR SKIN LOOKS FRESH AND CLEAR. THAT'S CERTAINLY AN ASSET AT THE PERFUMERY COUNTER
I'VE ALWAYS LOOKED AFTER MY SKIN WITH KNIGHT'S CASTILE



Norma got the job—on the perfumery counter. Her skin will be a good recommendation for Knight's Castile, the soap that prevents "Tired Skin."

4d PER TABLET U.K. only

Knight's Castile

SPECIALLY MADE FOR THE FACE

KC 209-364-68 JOHN KNIGHT LIMITED, LONDON, E.16. Soap Makers since 1810

DIPLOMA The ENGLISH CRUSTLESS CHEESE

Poor hubby returning each night,
With Spring-cleaning now at its height
Just looks and then moans,
Just sighs and then groans

£35

LIMERICKS

1ST PRIZE £15
2ND £5 3RD £3 4TH £2
TEN PRIZES OF £1 EACH

CONDITIONS.

The Proprietors of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese offer a first prize of £15 and other prizes, as stated, for what they consider the best last line to this Limerick. Write your last line on paper and attach the coloured label from a portion of 'Diploma' Crustless Cheese (either Cheddar, Cheshire or Dunlop). Send as many attempts as you like, which may all be on one sheet, but for each must be attached a label. The Lines will come before a competent staff of adjudicators. The Managing Director's decision is final and legally binding. Address to:

Competition (Dept. 12), WILTS UNITED DAIRIES LTD., TROWBRIDGE, WILTS.

Closing Date: Entries must reach us not later than Friday, April 1, 1938. A List of Winners will be sent to every competitor.

SOME RHYMES: *Appetite, bite, blight, bright, contrite, dynamite, excite, fight, fright, affright, invite, light, alight, twilight, might, night, midnight, moonlight, plight, quite, right, aright, outright, rite, sight, slight, smite, spite, tight, trite, unite, write.*

'DIPLOMA' Cheddar or Cheshire 6d. and 1/- per box. D.409a

SEE YOUR HAIR GROWING

100,000 Gift Supplies of KOTALKO TRUE HAIR GROWER.

TO-DAY 100,000 Men and Women are invited to see their hair growing with "New Life," Healthy Thickness, Strength and Richness of Natural Colouring.

The method is one that has been proved by thousands of men and women—even up to 80 years of age.

Never before have you used anything like Kotalko. It frees the scalp from hair-stifling dandruff and all poisonous and maladorous pore cloggings; softens the hardening scalp, and restores its healthful circulation. Kotalko Nourishes and Feeds the hair organism, reviving new and vigorous life and growth.

Whether your hair is thin, or falling out, or full of dandruff, or if you are nearly bald—use KOTALKO and KOTALKO SOAP—they are wonderful.

"WAS QUITE BALD."
Mr. A. Dale writes:—"I was without a particle of hair. A doctor's treatment did not make the slightest difference. I then tried many sorts of hair restorers, but still without results.
"I then sent for Kotalko, and then to my surprise I found that my hair was showing signs of vitality, and now I have a splendid growth of hair as my photograph will show you." A. Dale.

PERSONAL TESTIMONIES PROVE IT.

This entire page could be filled with testimonials from men and women—all ages—who have had new hair growth or other hair benefits since using KOTALKO and KOTALKO Soap. They are different from anything else. All I ask is that you give the Kotalko Products a trial and watch your scalp in the mirror over a brief period. Then you will need no further proof.

"I WAS COMPLETELY BALD."

Stop Worrying About Your Hair Even if Bald, or if Baldness is Spreading

TEST-BOX COUPON

To JOHN HART BRITTAIN, LTD., 9, Percy St. (S.J.H.), London, W.1.
Please send me, post paid, Testing Package of KOTALKO and Kotalko Soap, with directions, for which I enclose threepence in stamps.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

.....

Feed Hair Roots with KOTALKO
Cleanse and Soften Hair Follicles with KOTALKO SCALP SOAP the Tonic Shampoo

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE

without Calomel—and you'll jump out of bed in the morning full of vim and vigour

The liver should pour out two pints of liquid bile into your bowels daily. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays in the bowels. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk, and the world looks punk.

Laxatives help a little, but a mere bowel movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carters Brand Little Liver Pills to get these two pints of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up." Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carters Brand Little Liver Pills. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 1/3 and 3/-

FREE CATALOGUE
of BENSON'S Famous Watches and Jewellery

Illustrated on p. 31 is an example of Benson's wonderful Silver Watch value, which can be yours for only 3/- down. Send at once for free Catalogue! Fill in coupon on p. 31.

THE NEED FOR A PLANNED CAREER WAS NEVER GREATER THAN IT IS TO-DAY!

—Turn to the Bennett College Announcement on page 12.

Difficult CHINS No. 1.

THE SERGEANT-MAJOR'S

Whiskers stronger than barbed wire sprout, at a record rate, from a skin reputed to be of asbestos. But Vinolia takes them in its stride—gives him the same smooth, easy shave as it gives the downy-chinned drummer boy. Gives him 125 of them for 9d—with a bakelite drainer-case, too.

9d

VINOLIA SHAVING STICK

★ REFILL STICK 7½d

VINOLIA Co., Ltd., LONDON. VSS 62/118

WHEN YOU WAKE UP FEELING ROTTEN

When you wake up in the morning feeling you can hardly face the day; when your head is aching and you can't think properly or summon up any energy there is one simple thing you can do which will put you right in ten minutes.

Just drop a couple of 'Alka-Seltzer' Tablets in a glass of water. Drink the sparkling, refreshing drink as soon as it has stopped fizzing and inside ten minutes you'll feel a different person.

Don't confuse 'Alka-Seltzer' with salts or morning medicines. It is not a laxative but something entirely new. It gets its wonderful results by counteracting the excess acidity which is the real cause of your trouble.

And last year 25,000,000 sufferers from acidity found it was wonderful not only for headaches and morning weariness but for Indigestion, Wind, Heartburn, Colds, and all sorts of nerve and muscular pains.

Ask your chemist for 'Alka-Seltzer' Brand Tablets. (The 2/- size contains 2½ times the 1/-.) If you aren't more than satisfied with your first bottle, he will refund your money.

for Hoarseness

Ingredients of Vick brand Vapour-Rub in the form of a pleasant sweet. 6d

Vick BRAND Lozenges

TASTE GOOD — DO GOOD

"The Prison on the Moor"—Dartmoor, where Marsden Firth served part of his sentence

My wife visits me in prison

drive off when there is a fare owing to them.

I started to cross the street, but hadn't walked more than a few steps when two men approached.

"Mr. Firth, I believe?" queried one of them.

"Quite right," I said, "but I haven't the pleasure. . . ."

"It won't be a pleasure. We are police officers and hold a warrant for your arrest. You are charged with conspiring with another person, or persons, to defraud members of the investing public."

★ ★ ★

I tried a bit of bluff. It didn't work. These officers were too old at the game to be deceived. They took me in my own taxi-cab, which they had purposely moved out of the way, to Tower Bridge police station.

The second burglar, the head clerk and the salesman, were all brought in the next morning.

This time the police were taking no chances wth me. After my preliminary appearance before the court, bail was fixed at £10,000.

This was more than I could raise at

(Continuing "I Confess" f.om page 32)

short notice, and I was remanded to Brixton Prison.

My wife visited me there, in a chauffeur-driven 40-h.p. Packard, and was allowed to see me in the solicitors' room. She was very distressed. I think she had reached the stage when she almost despaired of my living decently and honestly.

I was more sorry for her than for myself. After all, I had known all along what the penalty would be if I were caught.

For several years I had cut myself completely adrift from my own people. But my affection for my father was as strong as it had ever been, and when the news reached me in Brixton that he was dangerously ill, I would have given anything to see him.

★ ★ ★

I was still unable to raise the £10,000 that would have given me temporary freedom.

My father died, with myself the only member of the family absent from his bedside. Nothing in my whole life has hurt me more. I had brought disgrace upon my father's head. I longed for his forgiveness, which I am sure he would have given me. It was not to be. Even in death I failed him—through my own folly.

On the day my father was buried my bail was secured.

It was too late.

★ ★ ★

In due course I stood my trial at the Old Bailey, forlornly pleading "Not guilty" and defending myself. The judge congratulated me on the way I conducted my case. He described me as a man who had misapplied great gifts of brain and energy.

His sentence, after the jury returned a verdict of "Guilty," was five years' penal servitude.

My first reaction was one of relief. *I had expected at least seven years.* Some of you may think I deserved more.

My wife attended at the Old Bailey during the trial, leaving only when the jury had retired. She bade me a tearful good-bye before I was taken away to serve a convict sentence in Dartmoor and Parkhurst.

During the years that followed my wife wrote to me whenever possible, promising to help me. Such faithfulness I did not deserve.

A sentence or two from the letter this wonderful wife of mine wrote to me while in Dartmoor remains vividly in my mind: "I married you for better or worse, and I am not going to desert you now.

"Your need of me will be greater than ever when you come out. But please don't misunderstand me. I detest the way you have made your money. I hate many of the people with whom you have associated. Please promise never to lead that kind of life again."

I did promise, and now I am doing my level best to keep my word. It is not easy, for the lot of the ex-convict is a hard one. My wife is helping me.

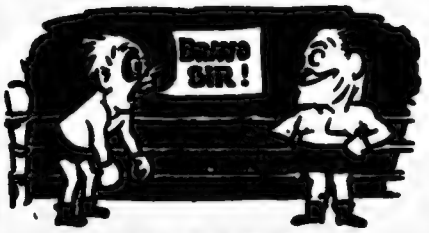
We are no longer rich. But my faith in the future is built on her.

It is for her sake that I am making the greatest effort of my life.

Next Week:
"Some of 'Our' Methods."

NOT FROM THE B.B.C.

Sweets of Defeat



He asked for it!

IF you can grin, my boy, and keep on grinning
While stationed at the bottom of the class;
If you are quite indifferent to winning
The praises others struggle to amass;
If you can bowl and never take a wicket,
If you can bat and never score a run,
But none the less are quite prepared to stick it,
Pretending that you think it frightful fun;
If you find lessons not at all amusing,
If for success you strike not like a cad,
If you, instead, just lose and keep on losing—
You'll win, at last, a glittering prize, my lad!

There may well be a good time coming for duds like us, if only others will emulate the noble example of Councillor Edgar T. Dailley, of Barnes, who has offered a prize for the best loser at Godalming County School.

What Councillor Dailley wants is to encourage those boys who always just miss a prize, "but who still go through school life with smiles on their faces."

His view that these "often rise to the top in after-life" would seem to be borne out by Speech Day orations, the perpetrators of which boast so shamelessly of what hopeless morons they were when at the dear old *alma mater.* Prizes for losers would at least stop this brand of swank. But losing almost anything—a job or a latchkey, one's own temper or someone else's umbrella—is so dead easy, that I can't see that it calls for any special recognition.

Carried to its logical conclusion, the system would breed a new type of pot-hunter, who would point proudly to trophies won by him as twelfth man in the school eleven, ninth oar in the 'Varsity eight, collector of the highest score at the local golf tournament, and first in the ditch at the anniversary hunt.

And, presumably, a horizontal boxer who sprang erect after the count of ten and hailed his vanquisher with a well-bred shout of "Brave, sir!" would become eligible for a good loser's prize almost as quickly as he would become a pain in the tonsils.

Personally, I have never been unduly impressed by the "Bravo, sir!" brigade, any more than by the player who pretends not to care a hang whether he wins. But then, as you've doubtless guessed, I'm frightfully unsporting and a disgrace to the dear Old (two-up) School.

Play the game to lose, lad,
To lose and not repent it;
To cry, while on his back you clap
Your vanquisher, "Well played, old chap!"—
As if you really meant it!

Don't poke him in the snoot, lad—
A natural inclination—
Since rules of etiquette demand
That you shall take the blighter's hand
In well-feigned admiration!

If tactics such as these, lad,
Cause you to feel distressful,
Then go right out for victory,
For as a loser you won't be,
I fear, at all successful!

Y. Z.

RHEUMATISM and High Blood Pressure

Mrs. C. V. B. is well known in South Chingford. For 18 years she suffered badly from Rheumatism and Blood Pressure. Now people stop her in the street in wonder. Read her letter:

"I take the pleasure of thanking you for the wonderful results I have gained from taking Fynnon Salt. I am very well known in this town, and have suffered terribly from Rheumatism and High Blood Pressure for 18 years, until I was told about Fynnon Salt. After taking it for 12 months regularly, people all stop and ask me what I have been taking to get so fit."

It is a modern miracle—and yet it isn't. Prolonged treatment at one of the great Spas might have done as much. Perhaps the greatest miracle is that, thanks to Fynnon Salt, you can now enjoy in your own home for a few pence the curative mineral elements found in the Spa waters! The Spa elements of Sodium, Potassium and Lithium in Fynnon Salt rinse the poisons of Rheumatism from your blood and give liver and kidneys the help they need to do a really thorough job every day and keep the system in trim. For a pain-free active life, drink a teaspoonful of Fynnon Salt in a tumblerful of water *every* morning. Large tins, 1/3.

When acid burns your STOMACH

DO AS THE HOSPITALS DO

If you went to any of the great hospitals to be treated for "acid stomach," what would the visiting Specialist or Resident Doctor advise? With all the modern skill and resource at his command, he would give you the four potent alkalies in Maclean Brand Stomach Powder, mixed in milk or water. He knows that they can be safely depended on to **neutralise all the excess acid which is causing you pain**; that the tender stomach lining will be soothed and healed; and that your stomach will be gently cleansed, and natural digestive action quickly restored.

And when you left the hospital, perhaps freed from the dread of operation, the doctor would probably give you this parting hint: "If you have any further trouble with your stomach, take a few doses of Maclean Brand Stomach Powder."

They suffered just like you—

Had awful pains for years

"Maclean Brand Stomach Powder has worked marvels for me. I suffered many years with awful pains in the stomach. A friend in hospital told me she was given Maclean Brand Stomach Powder while a patient there, so I tried it, and very soon I was a different woman. I had a bilious attack on Sunday, and a dose soon relieved me."

—Mrs. W. C. (Swansea).

Relief was marvellous

"I suffered from terrific vomiting, and after each meal would throw up acid. I could not leave the house owing to this. I attended the Hospital, and the doctor told me to get Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. The relief of the first dose was marvellous, and I have not been without it since."

—Mrs. C. M. H. (Cardiff).

You need a gentle treatment

Maclean Brand Stomach Powder gives you in your own home exactly the same gentle, soothing and safe treatment which famous specialists use, both in private practice and in the hospitals. Get a bottle to-day, and say goodbye to all your stomach troubles.

Remember this WARNING

Always make sure that you get the genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder. Look for the signature "ALEX. C. MACLEAN" on the carton and the bottle. That signature protects you from inferior substitutes. Genuine Maclean Brand Stomach Powder is only sold in 1/3, 2/- and 5/- bottles of Powder or Tablets in cartons. For those who like to carry this famous remedy about with them a handy 9d. tin of Tablets is also provided.

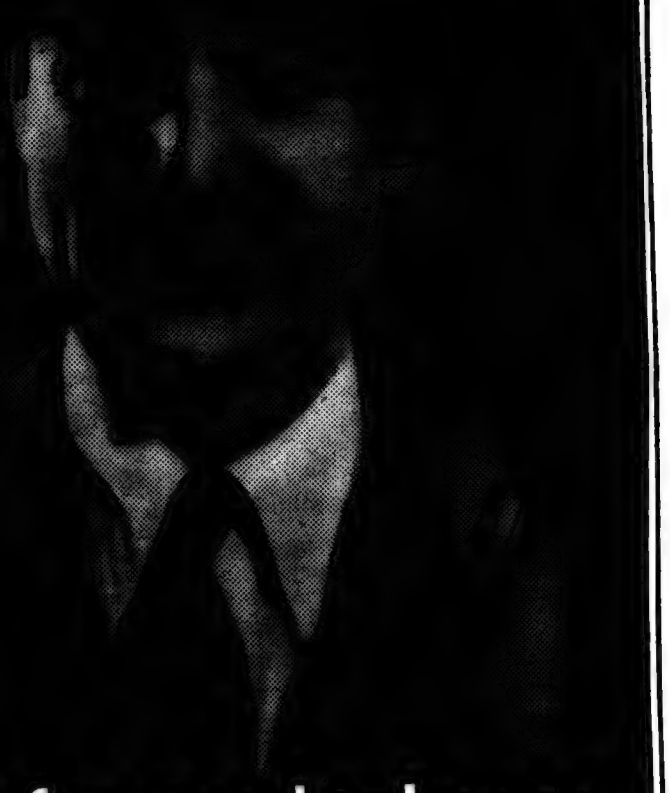
Macleans Ltd., Great West Road, Brentford.

MACLEAN Brand Stomach Powder

Look for the signature— *Alex. C. Maclean*

COOLNESS..

the secret of landing the catch



and of a good tobacco

LLOYD'S' BONDMAN

is always COOL and FRESH

• BONDMAN RICH RUDDY VIRGINIA 11½D per oz. EMPIRE BLEND 10D per oz.

ITS PACKED IN VACUUM TINS

Richard Lloyd & Sons (Branch of Cope Bros. & Co., Ltd.), Bondman Corner, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

JOHN BULL'S GREAT PEN OFFER

CASH THE COUPONS

"JOHN BULL'S" PEN COUPON

This Coupon with P.O. for 2/6 plus 2d. postage and insurance, entitles holder to receive a "John Bull" all-British self-filling Pen with 14-carat solid gold nib, iridium tipped, GUARANTEED 2 YEARS. Additional coupons up to four (any dates) may be saved and are acceptable in part payment, each counting as 2d. off the price. You may send 5 coupons and P.O. for 1/6, plus 2d. postage and insurance. *State if fine, medium, broad or oblique nib. Pocket clip 2d. extra.* Address: "John Bull" Pen Department, 172, Floral Street, London, W.C.2.

WORTH 3/6

Why Suffer from PILES?

Famous Ointment Relieves & Removes Them

Are you a victim of piles (hæmorrhoids)? Do you suffer from swelling and burning irritation? Are you weakened by constant hæmorrhage? If so, try Zam-Buk. This wonderful herbal ointment has proved successful in thousands of cases, often when an operation seemed the only escape.

Zam-Buk brand ointment brings relief and is wonderfully soothing; it has a contractive influence on the dilated veins, checks the bleeding and causes the piles to gradually disappear.

Zam-Buk also exerts a valuable antiseptic influence, thus preventing septic conditions arising where the membranes are broken or inflamed. Don't suffer from piles a day longer—get a 1/3 box of Zam-Buk and use according to printed directions.

SOLID ZAM-BUK

In addition to Zam-Buk ointment for external piles, you can also obtain Zam-Buk soluble Suppositories for inward use, price 1/3 per box. Left in position at night they cure while you sleep.

Exact size

For INWARD PILES

READ THIS CONVINCING TESTIMONY

"For years I had piles and used to be laid up with them. Zam-Buk Suppositories wonderfully relieved the pain and other symptoms. I can do housework in comfort and be on my feet eight hours a day."—Mrs. M. S., London.

"The pain and hæmorrhage of piles caused constant misery. I began to look like an old man and was low-spirited. Regular use of Zam-Buk caused the piles to disappear and ended my years of suffering."—Mr. A. F., Liverpool.

A Super Bargain for Housewives

—that does away with Spring Cleaning Slavery

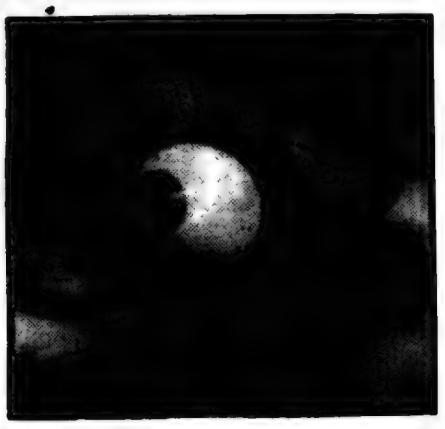
Send for Free Illustrated Booklet by filling in the Coupon on p. 29.

GRAVES NEW CLUB MODEL

BEATS THE WORLD FOR QUALITY AND VALUE. Frame 19, 21, or 23in. Dunlop Sports Tyres, Coventry Chain, Lenticular-section Rims, Handlebars, Dunlop Endrick Rims, Racing Pedals, Calliper Rear Brake, Middlemore's Rear-end Pattern Saddle, Roll-all Rad. Rudgester, Accessories. £4.17.6 or 6/- monthly. Ladies' Model: free wheel, fixed sprocket, 1 brake, £5.4.6 or 6/6 monthly. No charge for Easy Terms. Catalogue Free.

6/- Deposit and 12 monthly payments of about as desired.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD



Left to right: Open-air non-stop critic, knocker-up, glass-eye maker and onion-peelers—these are just a few of the countless strange jobs in Britain

Strangest Jobs in Britain

MILLIONS listened, in a recent broadcast, to the racy story of Bert Willis.

Bert is a non-stop critic. Every weekday, from his pitch on Tower Hill, he tells Londoners exactly what he thinks of all the latest plays and films.

Employers send their office boys to this human amusement guide before deciding on their evening's entertainment.

"Fans" who heckle him for attacking their favourites discover that he has a gift for crushing repartee.

A queer job, you may think. But not so queer as some of the occupations that provide men and women with their daily bread.

Near Shipley, in Yorkshire, lives Mr. Fred Hainsworth, who last August inherited a farm—and millions of maggots.

The long stone buildings of this extraordinary "farm" house bluebottle flies that lay their eggs on raw meat. Within a few weeks the meat is full of maggots ready for anglers' hooks. A thousand gallons of them are despatched to all parts of the country every year!

Colonel Charles Bagnall has built up a big business in a West London suburb on a single bright idea.

Colonel Bagnall sells cigarette cards. Among his 60,000 regular customers are schoolboys whose hobby costs them a few shillings, and men with valuable collections.

His showrooms are stocked with sixty million sets. Half a dozen cards issued with hand-made cigarettes in the 'nineties may cost up to £20; a recent set of fifty can be bought for sixpence.

On the even stranger task of a group of men we all rely for new roads and railways, the progress of science, the accuracy of complicated tools, the efficiency of big guns, and a thousand other things.

But you would never suspect it if you saw these men at work—hunting among gorse bushes for a rare kind of spider which they trap in pill-boxes.

★ ★ ★

Their captives are eagerly bought by a firm of scientific instrument makers at York, and the fine thread spun by the spiders is used in microscopes, theodolites for land surveying and other delicate apparatus.

Quite a number of men depend for their job, too, on the morning walk of William Compton.

For fifty years he has been a knocker-up at Bolton, rousing workers at an appointed hour by tapping on their bedroom windows or hammering on their doors.

During the whole half-century, old Bill has only once missed his round, and that was due to illness.

He is so punctual that some folk imagine he sits up all night to avoid being late. The plain truth is that he relies on an alarm clock.

While Bill cannot afford to be hard of hearing, Miss Rose Millauro dare not have unsteady hands. On the average, she has made thirty glass eyes a week since 1923, mixing the colours to suit the client's sound eye.

Though most of her work is done for the National Institute for the Blind, she has remedied the appearance of cats and dogs, a racehorse, and fitted actors with thin glass films to cover their natural eyes, the colours of which would not show up on the stage.

There are no fewer than eight glass-eye factories in Britain.

Three firms bleach, clean and sharpen feathers to make quill pens, still beloved by mayors, lawyers and gentlemen who admire the sedate writing of yesteryear.

London, as befitting the greatest manufacturing centre the world has ever known, can boast scores of unusual trades.

One company produces only lollipop sticks, another makes toe puffs, two describe themselves as feather-bed purifiers, two more come to mother's aid by marketing baby's pacifiers, another just chops lemon peel.

There is the Night Watchman Service, which at regular hours throughout the night rings up guards in business houses, and, if no reply is received, despatches a car patrol to investigate.

People who like crying for a living can earn up to £3 a week by filling the vacancies for onion-peelers in great hotels.

One Lewisham woman makes £5 a week by taking children out while their mothers go shopping, charging ninepence an hour for her services. Another chooses to exercise dogs.

By visiting offices and indexing telephone directories so that they can be opened within two pages of any name, a man earns 18s. a day.

Should you wish to send an elephant to cousin Jane in Iceland, or an army of cockroaches to an enemy in New Zealand, Mr. O. Haase will undertake the task.

For seventeen years he has supervised the livestock department of a transport firm, and you can imagine his daily problems by the cargo he recently sent to America—twenty frogs, two giant skunks, five tortoises, two dragons (fortunately not of the fire-breathing kind) and a pair of blue-tongued lizards.

Occasionally his job provides excitements, though not so many as those experienced by members of the "Suicide Squad."

These ten men and two girls are professional film stunters. They will crash a car for £10, fall from a tall building for the same fee, crash a 'plane for £110 and nose-dive for £240.

Should you pine for a quieter life, you have the choice of becoming a muffin turner, sausage linker, clay pipe maker, nut sheller, blackboard renovator or accordion pleater.

★ ★ ★

You might rival Mrs. Wong, lotus seed importer, who in her tiny Soho shop sells innumerable boxes of this delicacy without which no Chinese party is complete.

In the Potteries, you could become a thimble-picker, which has no connection with needlework. Its duties consist of picking out the thimbles, or pottery stands, which have not been cracked in the oven and can be used again.

So far, no one has attempted to share Mr. Charles Sutherland's profession—that of devising codes for business use.

Mr. Sutherland compresses a long technical paragraph into five words, but sometimes spends months in study before attempting to prepare a new code. In Oxford, sixty-nine-year-old George Tickner is hall-porter at Clarendon Building. Nothing unusual in that?

No, but at night Mr. Tickner lectures university professors. One of the greatest experts on wild birds in Britain, he is happy to work for a few pounds a week rather than earn a fortune as a professional lecturer and author.

Voyaging up and down the Thames are the real mudlarkers, men with their own boats who salvage cargo accidentally dropped from ships and barges.

As a contrast, there is the children's hotel at Hendon, where guests range in age from ten days to fourteen years, and whose parents are travelling, have been divorced, or just don't care for them.

Some men will rid you of wasps. Even more distasteful is the occupation of Mr. H. R. Tiffin, whose family have been bug-killers for three centuries, and whose great-great-grandfather used to go bug-hunting with cocked hat, wig and sword.

More central heating means more vermin, so Mr. Tiffin has a busy time.

But most people with a leaning towards natural history would probably prefer the task of an artist who uses butterfly wings instead of paints, sometimes devoting thousands of them to a single picture.

There seems, in fact, no end to the variety of odd jobs by which people earn their living. As G. K. Chesterton said, we are not so much a nation of shopkeepers as a club of queer trades.

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who offer every facility required by the discriminating backer, including
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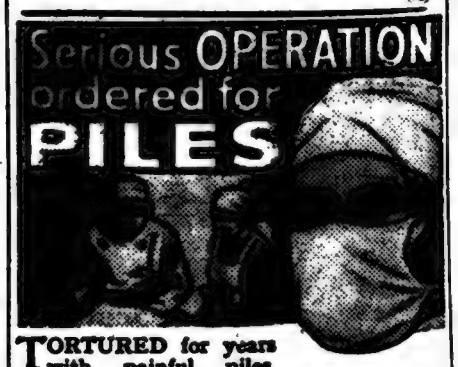
STOMACH TROUBLES BANISHED
QUICKLY—SURELY—NATURALLY
Are you subject to attacks of indigestion, flatulence, acidity? Do you dread the after-effects of even the lightest meals? If so, your stomach is at fault. Why not restore, at once, its strength and tone? Nature will help you to do so—Nature in the form of Mother Seigels Brand Digestive Syrup. This old-time remedy is made of herbs, roots and barks, and nothing better has been discovered for restoring the digestive organs to healthy activity. Take Mother Seigels daily after meals, and food will no longer distress but nourish you. You will enjoy your meals and know the blessing of good digestion and good health. 1/3 and 3/- at Chemists everywhere.



TORTURED for years with painful piles, Mrs. G. could get no relief. "I attended —— Hospital," she writes, "and then St. —— Hospital for operation, but I suffered agonies after. Doctor wanted me to have yet another operation, but I objected. I tried 'Nemolin' . . . it was the *only* thing to give me relief. I've tried ointments from Hospital, but nothing relieves like 'Nemolin.'"
Why go on suffering the torture of itching or bleeding piles? All chemists sell 'Nemolin' Ointment at 3/- a tube—relief is guaranteed or money refunded.

GET AT THE CAUSE OF YOUR CHILD'S COLD

IMPORTANT DISCOVERY BY MEDICAL RESEARCH BODY

WHEN your child starts to sniffle or cough, there is no use trying remedies that just ease the symptoms. These things do temporary good—but they don't get at the root of the trouble, so that the cold may hang on for weeks with a terribly weakening effect, and may even turn into influenza or worse.

The only quick, safe and permanent way to end your child's cold is by getting at the *cause*—reaching the cold at its very roots. The cause is simply that your child has not enough resistance to cold germs. To build up this resistance, so that your child's body can really *fight* the cold germs, you must give your child Scotts Brand Emulsion.

One of the most remarkable facts about Scotts Brand Emulsion is that it starts to work so *quickly*. A well-known Medical Research Body has discovered that

immediately after your child has taken a spoonful of Scotts Brand Emulsion, every drop goes to build up resistance to infection, particularly in the chest and lungs.

Besides fighting the *cause* of colds, Scotts Brand Emulsion strengthens and builds up the child's whole body. Children who are given Scotts Brand Emulsion regularly gain weight nearly twice as quickly, their appetites improve, their cheeks grow rosier and their legs and arms grow sturdier. Most important of all, they are *protected*, not only against colds, but against all kinds of winter illness as well.

Don't deny your child this splendid health and protection. Start giving him Scotts Brand Emulsion regularly from today.

SCOTTS BRAND **EMULSION**

Proof THAT **MORGAN'S POMADE does RESTORE COLOUR TO GREY HAIR**

An Ipswich user of Morgan's Pomade writes: "*I have used Morgan's Pomade for treating Grey Hair to conform to its original colour, and the result has been remarkable. My hair was almost white, and before I had finished the first 1/9 for it was dark brown, exactly as it was 20 years previously. It is helpful too in strengthening the growth.*"

Morgan's Pomade has been famous for restoring original colour to grey or faded hair for half a century. It is NOT A DYE. Never fails. Massage into hair roots. Beneficial to hair health and beauty. Frees scalp from choking dandruff.

1/9 and 3/3 per jar. (Post 9d. and 4d. extra. Foreign, 2/1 and 3/7 respectively). At Boots, Timothy Whites and Taylors, all Chemists, Hairdressers, Stores or direct.

MARIE ANTOINETTE CO. LTD., 1-7 Granville Road, Upper Holloway, N.19

Marie Antoinette Shampoo cleanses, strengthens and beautifies the hair and removes dandruff. 3d. per packet or 1/6 per box of 7 packets.

MORGANS POMADE

DIGESTION

..starts in the mouth

The food you eat may be divided into three classes. carbohydrates, proteins and roughage. Carbohydrates, such as bread and potatoes, form the bulk of our food and should be very thoroughly masticated, because the juices necessary for their digestion are contained in the saliva with which these foods should be well mixed before being swallowed. The reason you should not drink with meals is that any fluid taken with meals reduces the strength of the digestive power of the saliva. The digestive juices for carbohydrates must be alkaline, that is why Moorland Indigestion Tablets, which are alkaline, slowly dissolved in the mouth, help to digest bread, pastry and potatoes before they reach the stomach. Moorland Brand Indigestion Tablets are famous the world over for relieving indigestion, heartburn, acidity and all stomach troubles. You can eat Moorlands like sweets any time of the day.

IMPORTANT.

Moorland Tablets contain 15 ingredients, all necessary to relieve indigestion at once and gradually remove its cause. These ingredients are essential in everyday diet. Many present-day factory-produced foods are deprived of their natural salts, while the valuable salts of calcium in vegetables are boiled away. Moorland Tablets contain calcium and other essentials to good health. Moorland Tablets bring the system back to good health—appetite returns, over-acidity disappears.

READ THESE AMAZING TRIBUTES TO MOORLAND TABLETS . . .
selected at random from many hundreds of unsolicited testimonials.

"CAN NOW EAT WITHOUT PAIN"

I feel I must write and tell you the good I have derived since taking your Moorland Tablets. They have given me more relief than any other indigestion remedy I have tried. The first box acted like magic—I found that I could eat practically anything without suffering the slightest discomfort afterwards. Eating, now, has become a real pleasure.—E. C. C. (Cardiff).

"MADE ME A NEW MAN"

Moorland Tablets have worked wonders with my terrible suffering. I was off my food and short of breath. After taking Moorlands I can eat anything and am now feeling a new man. Moorland Indigestion Tablets have done me more good than any other medicine.—J. C. (Grimsby).

Take two MOORLAND Tablets any time and eat what you like

MOORLAND BRAND INDIGESTION TABLETS

At all Chemists: 7½d. in cardboard cartons (50 tablets) 1/3 flat pocket tins (110 tablets)

FREE Send 1½d. in stamps to cover cost of postage and packing for pocket (or handbag) sample tin and Diet Chart to:

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W. B. CARTWRIGHT, LTD. (Dept. J. B.), Rawdon, LEEDS

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Great Health and Energy Restorer

PROVE for yourself how quickly you can regain GLORIOUS, VIGOROUS NEW HEALTH AND STRENGTH. No matter how long you have been a sufferer, MEDOPHYLL Tablets will bring you instant, lasting relief—will banish for ever depression, lassitude, nerves, jumpiness, digestive troubles, nervous headaches, etc.—will clear away poisons from your system, revitalise your blood stream, give you new power to resist illness and infection. MEDOPHYLL is Nature's own remedy—it has a proved vitamin content, and contains all those vital food elements that restore expended energy. Send the coupon below at once for your free supply and begin right away to enjoy REAL HAPPINESS AND HEALTH. Act now—fill in the coupon while you think of it!

MEDOPHYLL

Manufacturers: "R.S." FOODS (DERBY), LTD., HATTON, DERBY.

To all Sufferers from

NERVES
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EXHAUSTION
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NERVOUS DISORDERS
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POST AT ONCE!

COUPON "John Bull."

To Messrs. "R.S." FOODS (DERBY), LTD. (Dept. J.B.), HATTON, DERBY.

Please send me a generous FREE TRIAL SAMPLE of "MEDOPHYLL" Tablets, together with a copy of a Valuable Book, "A Natural Source of Health and Vital Energy," which gives new and vital information on health and happiness.

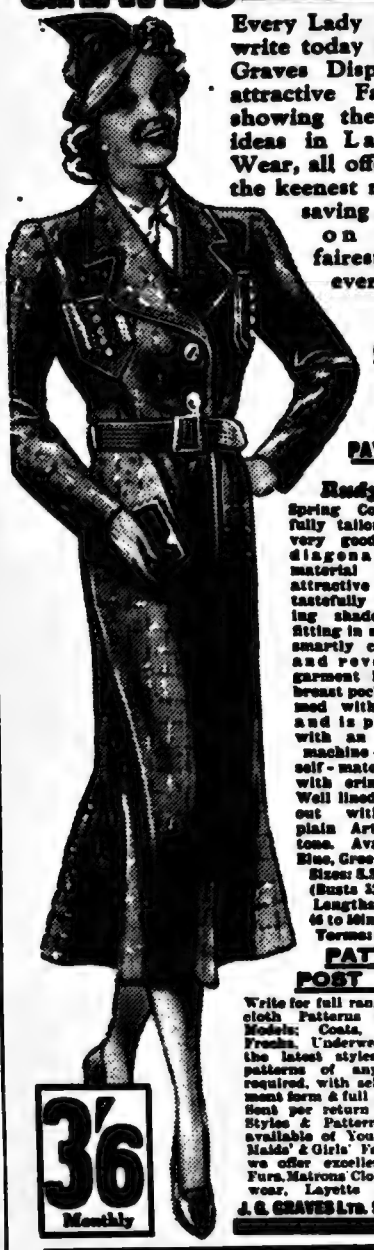
Name (Mr., Mrs. or Miss).....

Address.....

J.B.2. .....

Print in BLOCK Capitals. Post in an unsealed envelope with ½d. stamp.

GRAVES Beats the World For Quality & Value



Every Lady should write today for the Graves Display of attractive Fashions showing the latest ideas in Ladies' Wear, all offered at the keenest money-saving prices, on the fairest terms ever made.

NO CHARGE FOR EASY PAYMENTS

Rudyard

Spring Coat carefully tailored in a very good quality diagonal weave material with an attractive flock in tastefully contrasting shades, semi-fitting in style, with smartly cut collar and revers, the garment has novel breast pockets trimmed with buttons, and is provided with an all-round machine-stitched self-material belt with ormoid slide. Well lined throughout with heavy plain Art. Silk to tone. Available in Blue, Green, and Tan. Sizes: S.S.W to O.S. (Busts 32 to 38ins; Lengths; 46 to 50in. **3/6 Monthly** Terms: 3 6 month **26/11**

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Write for full range of actual cloth Patterns of Newest Models: Coats, Costumes, Frocks, Underwear &c., in the latest styles. Ask for patterns of any garment required, with self-measurement form & full particulars. Sent per return Post Free. Styles & Patterns are also available of Young Ladies', Maids' & Girls' Fashions and we offer excellent value in Furs, Matrons' Clothing, Footwear, Layette specialities.

J. G. GRAVES Ltd. SHEFFIELD.

£35 In Cash Prizes FREE
For best last line to Limerick on page 33

TRUST YOUR DENTIST

HALF-AN-INCH on a dry brush but *it must be* **KOLYNOS**—to ensure attractive teeth and firm, healthy gums. Cultivate the twice-a-day use of **KOLYNOS**, the world's most efficient and economical tooth paste. Try it.

1/9, 1/- and 6d. Of all Chemists and Stores.

—HE SAYS

KOLYNOS DENTAL CREAM

Our house has 19 windows

and 27 clean, bright curtains. We washed them ourselves during Spring Cleaning. Hard work? Not a bit of it—we put Scrubb's Ammonia in the water, and the dirt came out like magic, without any hard rubbing. We did the same with rugs, carpets and chair covers; they look like new again. It is so easy with Scrubb's.

We used it for *everything*—paintwork, tiles, linoleum, china, glass, windows, cupboards, etc., and proved that Scrubb's Cloudy Ammonia indeed "cleans anything and everything."

Get a bottle to-day and try it.

Use **SCRUBB'S** also for—
GREASE STAINS, GREASY WASH-UPS, ETC., CLEANING HAIR-BRUSHES, COMBS AND SPONGES. WASHING HAND-KNITTED JUMPERS AND WOOLLENS AND DELICATE UNDIES.

SCRUBB'S
CLOUDY AMMONIA

6D & 1/4 Write for Free Booklet "Home Hints 1938"

SCRUBB & CO., LTD.
GLASSHOUSE WALK, LONDON, S.E.11

INDIGESTION AND FLATULENCE AFTER MEALS

You get burning pain and distressing wind after meals because your stomach is always too acid. Food simply can't digest and your stomach is tortured in the attempt. Why endure this mealtime misery when 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop it this very day? They relieve acidity and sweeten a sour stomach at once. The stomach starts digesting your food right away and finishes its work with perfect ease. You feel nothing—no heartburn, no flatulence, not a twinge of your old stomach pain. If you suffer from acute attacks of gastric pain, 'Milk of Magnesia' Tablets will stop them in five minutes. Try them to-day! Neat flat tins for the pocket, 6d. and 1/-. Also family sizes, 2/- and 3/6.

'Milk of Magnesia' is the trade mark of Phillips' preparation of Magnesia.

Excursion

(Continued from p. 21)

Teddie raised an enquiring eyebrow.

"Oh, you mustn't think I bear any malice over that ghost train business," continued Julia. "You were doing your duty just as I thought I was doing mine—then."

"I see."

"And, as a matter of fact, we're both on the same side now."

"What side?"

"Your side, of course."

Teddie looked puzzled.

"I suppose you're surprised, but I'm afraid that, like the mercenary of old, my sword or lipstick has always been on sale to the highest bidder. As a Secret Service man yourself, you know that we often change sides."

★ ★ ★

There was a pause while Teddie ordered drinks, and then Julia continued:

"As a matter of fact, I'm delighted that we've met to-night. I'm worried over a case I'm on just now. Perhaps you would give me your advice?"

"I'm on leave," laughed Teddie.

"I know—but there's nothing like a 'busman's holiday."

"All right. Shoot."

"I think you'll find it interesting. A haunted house."

"Not a haunted railway station?"

Julia laughed.

"That's one to you," she said. "But this time I'm raising the ghost, not providing it. Now, listen. . . ."

It was certainly an amazing story that Julia told him. A so-called haunted house on the north-east coast, a few miles from Sunderland, with other intriguing details.

"Well, what do you think?" asked Julia when she'd finished. "It may be smuggling or it may be something of vital importance."

"It's difficult to form an opinion without being on the spot," said Teddie.

"Exactly," agreed Julia. "I'm going up to-morrow, and I suggest that you come, too. We'd better not travel together. We could meet at the Central Hotel, at Newcastle, at nine to-morrow night. I'll have a car ready to take us to the place. You on?"

Teddie Morrison puffed slowly at his cigar, but all the time his brain was working quickly.

What was Julia's little game? Some trap connected with his work in the Far East perhaps?

"Yes," he said, "I'm on."

"Good," said Julia. "Then let's have another drink."

She beckoned to a waiter, and Teddie had an inspiration. It would be nice to know what the mysterious man had dropped in her bag.

As the waiter served the drinks, Teddie opened his wallet and pulled out two five-pound notes. He called the clerk who was taking bets.

"A fiver on No. 3 in the next race," he said. "And five pounds more for the lady."

"That's sweet of you," said Julia as the clerk hurried away with the money. "I've never had so much on a dog before," she added.

Once again everyone was crowding to the windows of the restaurant.

"Come on," said Teddie, and led Julia to a place right against the glass. He noticed with satisfaction that the bag was still on the back of her chair.

The dogs shot from their traps. Yes, his luck was holding. No. 3 was well to the fore. Julia's eyes were riveted to the track. After all, there is no gambler like a woman.

Teddie found it surprisingly easy to slip away and stroll back to the table. He opened the bag and drew out the note.

It was a plan—apparently a railway line, viaduct, river and details of switches. At the bottom were a few words only:

"To-morrow night. Ten-five."

He slipped it back into the bag just as a wild yell denoted the finish of the race.

Julia rejoined him.

"Beaten by a length," she said. "We've lost."

Later the same evening, as Teddie strolled to the door of his hotel, a man who was standing on the opposite side of the street turned his head and walked quickly away.

That was odd. And there was something about the man's walk which seemed familiar. Where had Teddie seen him before?

The man was slowing his pace. Now he had stopped farther down the road.

Teddie dodged back into the shadow of the door.

The man was coming back. Teddie could see his face.

★ ★ ★

It was the man who had read his telegram in the Post Office.

"By gosh, shadowed!" said Teddie. "Me, a Secret Service man, letting myself be tailed by an amateur!"

He returned to the hall. The porter, whom he'd asked to look up the trains to Newcastle, was still consulting the time-table.

"It's all right," said Teddie, "I'm not going north."

"No, sir?"

"I've changed my mind. I'm going to Cornwall instead."

Cornwall again.

"Well, this doesn't change much," thought Teddie, as he looked out of the railway carriage window at the sunlit countryside.

All the way down he had been racking his brains. That some mischief was afoot he was quite certain. So far the facts were quite simple.

The man who had been tailing him had seen by his telegram that he was going to Cornwall. Julia's story was a pure fabrication—just a ruse to side-track him.

For some reason or other his presence in Cornwall was unwanted. Why?

And then there was the message under the plan: "To-morrow night. Ten-five."

His immediate task was to piece it all together, and it looked as if it had better be done by ten-five.

Teddie looked at his watch. He should be at Fal Vale in a few minutes now. He glanced out of the window again and his eyes widened with astonishment.

The train was running through miles of tracks. Hundreds of waggons and freight trucks stood on the sidings, and away in the distance he could see gangs of men working on the permanent way.

He went into the corridor and pulled down the window.

"Excuse me, sir," said the guard who was passing along the train.

"I say, guard, what's all this?" Teddie indicated the row of sidings.

"Oh, that's to do with the big munition dump at Fal Vale."

"A munition dump at Fal Vale?"

"Yes, sir. They're using the workings of the old tin mine. Aircraft bombs and all that, and then there's the anti-aircraft gun works there, too, now."

Teddie alighted, and, having satisfied himself that he was not being followed, left his bag in charge of the porter and set out on an exploration.

Suddenly he dived into a tobacconist's shop. Two people were coming down the street. A man and a woman, and the woman was Julia.

So Julia *was* in Cornwall. That was no surprise, anyway.

★ ★ ★

At half-past nine that night Teddie sat in a public house outside Fal Vale railway station and sipped a whisky and soda.

He was worried—more worried than he had been for a long day.

He had made enquiries at the dump—everything was in order. A plain clothes man, commandeered from the local police, was watching Julia, and she apparently was dining in the Station Hotel and doing nothing suspicious.

Also, he had another disappointment: calling on the Murdochs he had found Charles Murdoch out and his wife

(Continued on p. 41)

"Greatest of These . . ."

Janette Clifford

JANETTE, aged five-and-a-half, and her four-year-old brother, together with their infant sister, whose age runs into weeks only, have had to be boarded out by their dad while their mother, who fell ill before the last baby was born, is in hospital.

Out of his slender earnings, Janette's father finds it difficult to pay for the children, and also for his wife in hospital.

"My wife," he says, "has had two operations and a blood transfusion since her admittance to hospital, and, being under our family doctor previously, has run away with all my ready cash. If I could just get a little help in the meantime, to save my wife any worry when she comes home, it would be such a relief."

"Surely 'help' must be the most beautiful word in any language," wrote Herrick, and Janette's father, who served in the Air Force, and bears an excellent character, will endorse this sentiment if our readers will respond to our appeal, and send him help, earmarked "Janette."

Had we the space to publish the thanks we receive from the families our subscribers help, they would realise a little how beautiful their help is. Joan, Mary's mother, for instance, who thanked us in person, also wrote: "I thank the readers very much indeed for their great kindness, and I know my little children do also."

Andrew's mother in a letter of thanks says: "It is so good to know that somebody takes an interest in one. I just felt when I was so ill, everybody had forgotten, and I thank God for your help."

And this from Elizabeth's father: "Will you please accept the very, very best and grateful thanks of myself and family for your kindness and humanity towards us. Also your readers who answered the appeal. I cannot express in words how we feel after your wonderful kindness, but I can assure you it will never be forgotten by my wife and myself as long as we live. The clothes received were also a great help."

Donations earmarked "Janette," or for the general fund, should be addressed to the Hon. Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. Lists of subscriptions are kept at the office, and a copy of the current week's will be sent on application.

Another Star Next Week

For two years the play, "While Parents Sleep," kept theatre-going London amused. Even those people who thought it wilfully naughty couldn't help laughing!

Since then it has toured Great Britain several times, and has also been made into a film. A phenomenally successful play, if ever there were one!

At the invitation of JOHN BULL its author, Anthony Kimmins, has written a short story sequel to the play.

With the same deft touches of wit and the same light-hearted disregard of the proprieties, he reintroduces to you his famous characters in a new setting.

You will enjoy the story immensely. It will be in next week's issue.

The Remedy That Has Definitely Mastered

CIRCULATORY DISEASES

Elasto

REGISTERED

The Wonder Tablet

For the Blood, Veins, Arteries and Heart

IT is the function of the blood to carry health-preserving nourishment to the countless millions of living cells of which the body is composed. When it fails in this important function the cells break down and become diseased; *and this condition will persist until the blood itself is revitalised.* So-called "blood purifiers" are of no use in such conditions; impurities in the blood are merely incidental to the condition. The real trouble is that the blood has become chemically unbalanced; it is deficient in certain vital constituents, and drugging the system can never make good this deficiency.

Not a Drug, but a Vital Cell-Food!

ELASTO, the new Biological Remedy, is not a drug, but a vital cell-food; it contains the missing blood-constituents in a highly potentized form, the only form in which the blood can take them up and use them. It is prepared in small, delicate tablets which dissolve instantly on the tongue, and it is absorbed *directly* into the blood through the tiny glands of the mouth and throat. That is a distinctive feature of Elasto, and partly explains its wonderful effectiveness; *it does not enter the stomach.* Such ailments as varicose veins, varicose ulcer (bad leg), swollen legs, phlebitis, heart troubles, bad circulation, piles, rheumatism, hardened arteries and similar disabling conditions are directly traceable to degeneration of tissue-cells resulting from a deficiency of the vitalising principles of the blood. No lasting improvement in these conditions is possible until the cause of the weakness has been removed, and this can only be done by making good the deficiency in the blood. Elasto, the Great Blood Revitaliser, does this with complete effectiveness, in a manner new to curative science.

Elasto Benefits the Whole System!

ELASTO is a great constitutional remedy; it may be taken by all whose health is below par. Users are quite frequently astonished by its effect on their general health and vitality, they report improved digestion, freedom from headaches, greater cheerfulness and vigour, "liverishness" dispelled as if by magic, etc. To those who have no knowledge of the workings of our bodies, it may seem strange that a remedy taken for one ailment should be the means of bringing relief in other, and seemingly unrelated ailments, but this interesting fact is not so remarkable as it may at first appear.

A Good Circulation—the Real Basis of Health

IT is an indisputable fact that a sound circulation and healthy blood, rich in vital properties, is the basis of life and health. It follows logically, therefore, that the revitalised blood and improved circulation, which quickly follow the use of Elasto, cannot fail to bring real and lasting benefit to every organ and tissue of the body. The far-reaching effects of a revitalised blood-stream can be truly amazing; (hence the miracles of healing performed by means of blood-transfusion). Elasto is based upon the latest discoveries of curative, nutritional science; it is a pure, natural product, highly potentized, and is in complete harmony with the human system. *Elasto contains no animal gland extracts.*

Read what Users of Elasto say:

"*No sign of Varicose Veins now.*"
"*Elasto put new life into me.*"
"*As soon as I started taking Elasto I could go about my work in comfort, no pain whatever.*"
"*Cured my swollen legs although I had been suffering for years.*"
"*Now walk long distances with ease.*"
"*Cured my rheumatism and neuritis.*"
"*My heart is quite sound again now.*"
"*Varicose veins quickly cured after 12 years of useless bandaging.*"
"*Elasto has quite cured my Eczema.*"
"*Completely cured my varicose ulcers.*"
"*Elasto tones up the system and cures depression.*"
"*My skin is as soft as velvet.*"
"*Rheumatoid arthritis gone. I have never felt better.*"
"*Lumbago cured after three years of suffering. Age 66.*"
"*Suffered for years from a weak heart, but Elasto cured me.*"
"*The stinging sensations I used to get in my left arm and leg are quite gone and my general health is much improved.*"

Here's Good News! You Can Test Elasto Free!

Simply fill in the coupon below for a Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining Elasto, the New Biological Remedy. These, together with copies of recent testimonials, we will gladly send privately, post free. Don't lose another moment! Write for these to-day—NOW, while you think of it, and see for yourself what a wonderful difference Elasto makes. This offer is too good to be missed. ELASTO (DEPT. 15.B), CECIL HOUSE, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

COUPON *for Free Trial Sample of Elasto* ★

ELASTO (Dept. 15.B), Cecil House, Holborn Viaduct, London, E.C.

Please send me Free Sample and Special Free Booklet fully explaining how Elasto, *The Great Blood Revitaliser*, cures through the blood.

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Issued by The New Era Treatment Co., Ltd.

Elasto will save you pounds!

HAD to carry on—

ALTHOUGH THE

SMELL of FOOD MADE HIM ILL

London Chef's Terrible Time With

"NERVES" and INDIGESTION

"It Is To

Dr. Cassells-Tablets

I Owe My Health And My Job."

From Our Special Health Investigator
ROYSTON GREENE
London, S.W.1. Wednesday

To have to cook and prepare meals for scores of people a day, yet be tormented by indigestion and unable to eat, seems to be the utmost 'refinement' of torture! Yet this was the sad experience of Mr. Bland, of Westminster, until he found new health and strength through the wonderful power of Dr. Cassells Tablets!

I interviewed him to-day at his work and he told me his story:

"It is to Dr. Cassells Tablets alone," he said, "that I owe my health and even my job!"

"Well, Mr. Bland," I remarked, "you are certainly a living testimony."

"It's all due to Dr. Cassells Tablets!" he replied. "Only a short while ago this place was like a purgatory to me. I had to prepare these meals while all the time I was suffering the most agonising pains from indigestion and my arms were crippled with neuritis! The very smell of food would make me sick, yet I had to grit my teeth and carry on!"

"How did this all start, Mr. Bland?" I enquired.

"It arose firstly from an accident when I spilled a pan of boiling fat over myself," he replied. "Luckily I escaped severe burns but the shock unbalanced my nerves completely. Added to the symptoms I have already told you was sleeplessness at night and terrific headaches during the day. I could see my job slipping away from me."

"How did you come to learn about Dr. Cassells Tablets?" I observed.

"I saw them advertised and I thought I would try them . . . and how glad I am that I did!

From the first dose my nerves began to mend. It was marvellous! I can find no words to describe the wonderful feeling of returning health! I could feel a new power inside me and I began to find that I was enjoying my work. My headaches stopped after the first two doses! My appetite came back in a few days. My neuritis went within a week! From the first night of taking Dr. Cassells Tablets I slept 'like a log'!

"I shall never be without Dr. Cassells Tablets again and to all suffering men and women who read my story I say:

"'Don't hesitate another minute—try Dr. Cassells Tablets and you will be well again!'"

THOUSANDS BENEFIT

Every day thousands of people are benefiting from the marvellous formula known to fame as Dr. Cassells Tablets. No suffering man or woman should deny themselves the glorious health which Dr. Cassells Tablets can so surely bring! If YOU are a victim of—

HEADACHES HYSTERIA
INDIGESTION NEURITIS
NEURALGIA SCIATICA
INSOMNIA "NERVES"
LUMBAGO DEPRESSION

Get YOUR supply of Dr. Cassells Tablets TO-DAY.

Sold everywhere, 6d., 1/3, 3/- & 5/-.

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The Nerve Tonic that gets at the CAUSE of your Trouble

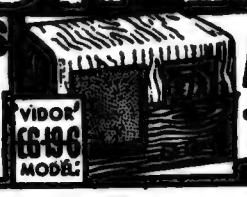
BIG PENSION-plus-FORTUNE X-WORD with FINAL RADIO-plus-HAMPER BONUSES!

20/- WEEKLY FOR LIFE and £400 CASH

OR ONE LUMP SUM OF £600

UNLIMITED SURPRISE AWARDS

To each sender of entry containing only one less meritorious Answer than Runners-up we shall forward a Special Surprise Award—to be posted simultaneously with publication of winning Square in "John Bull."



ALL-WAVE RADIO and EASTER HAMPER

delivered in good time for Easter Sunday, April 17, to each winner of a Runners-up Prize of £3 and over.

ACROSS CLUES

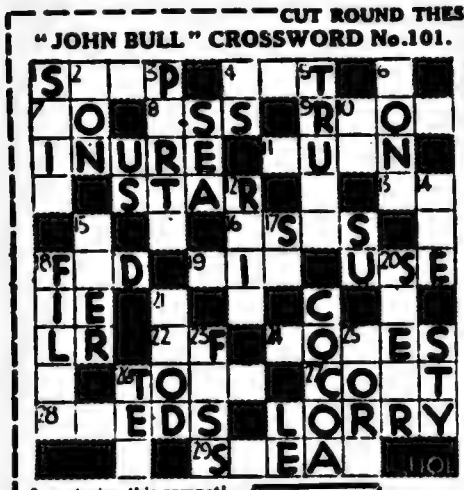
1. Arrested man who gives policeman this is likely to rue it
4. Of the criticism one reads in some papers, a lot is this
7. Short for knock-out
8. Donkey
9. Author sometimes works in a quiet one
11. Good housewife will probably see to it that milk does not do this
13. How gala begins in Bulgaria
16. Inquires
18. Eaten
19. Racing one is not likely to win you money
22. In middle of sofa
24. Allotment enthusiast sometimes has these of fine onions
26. Travellers soon get fed up with one that goes on and on without a stop
27. Worn over waistcoat
28. Sometimes needed for plant
29. One is often roasted

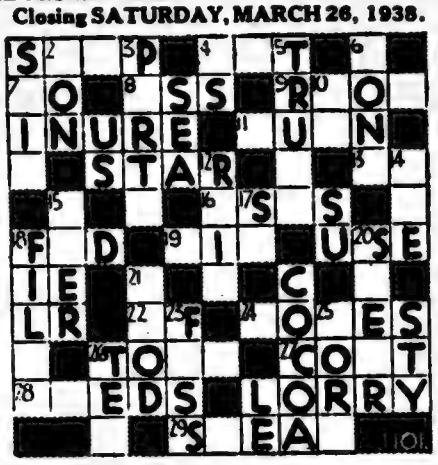
DOWN CLUES

1. Is often touched up before stage performance
2. Stop half way through London
3. Actors sometimes have in play
4. Tailless ass
5. Is bound to be strong
6. Is sometimes round
10. At end of motor
12. Bombs sometimes fall in this on enemy aerodrome
14. New one is sometimes very sharp
15. Runs away if it has an opportunity
17. Begins speech
18. You can rely on these being good if made by first-rate company
20. People sometimes do so by electricity
21. Some people prefer this to be plain
23. Commotion
25. Meat from pig
26. Is frequently knocked over

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No.101. Closing SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1938.





In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 2 Squares 6d.

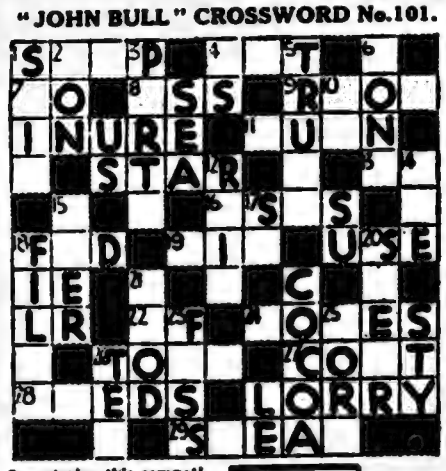
SIGNED .....

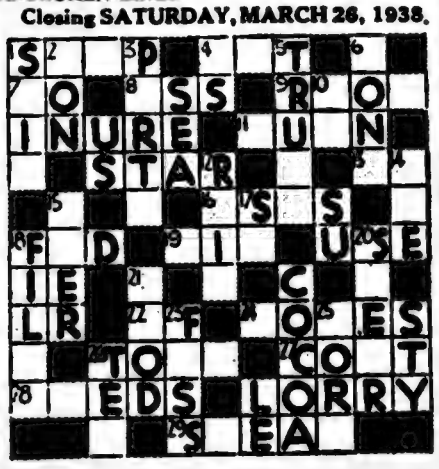
ADDRESS .....

.....

CUT ROUND THESE BROKEN LINES

"JOHN BULL" CROSSWORD No.101. Closing SATURDAY, MARCH 26, 1938.





In entering this competition, I agree to abide by the rules and conditions as final in all matters and I enclose

P.O. Value .....

No. .....

ENTRY FEE for 4 Squares 1s.

SIGNED .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

IMPORTANT NEW PRIVILEGE FOR CROSSWORDERS— SEE BULLETS PAGE

5 Big Cheques and Radios Won in Crossword No. 98

In connection with "John Bull" Crossword No. 98 the Adjudication Committee decided that the senders of the most meritorious Set of Answers on one Square (see below) were the following five competitors:—

Mrs. E. BENTLEY, 16, Belgrave Terrace, Wakefield.
Miss E. COLBERT, Longthorpe, Peterborough.
H. D. JONES, 88, Lyndhurst Road, Hove, Sussex.
S. SARSON, Hart Road, Harlow, Essex.
F. L. VAUGHAN, 90, Hospital Street, Nantwich, Cheshire.

Subject to the Terms and Conditions of the Competition, these competitors share the First Prize of £600, and a Cheque for £120 will be sent to each, together with a £9 17s. 6d. All-wave Radio.

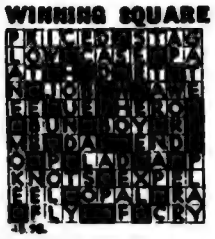
Any other entrant who believes that he submitted a Square eligible for a share of this Prize must demand a Scrutiny by not later than First Post, Tuesday, March 22, sending £1 Scrutiny Fee, copy of all Squares submitted and Postal Order number. Envelope to be registered, marked "Scrutiny" and addressed to the Competition Editor of "John Bull."

No scrutiny can be undertaken in connection with the £100 Award to Runners-up. This Prize has been divided between 100 competitors from whom we received Squares inferior in merit by reason of only one less apt and accurate Answer compared with the best squares received. These winners will each receive £1. A list of these Runners-up can be seen at the "John Bull" offices, and all have been notified.

A useful Surprise Award for each of 886 entrants from whom we received a Square differing from Squares of Runners-up by only one less meritorious Answer will be posted this week.

COLOSSAL ONE-WEEK OFFER NEXT WEEK!

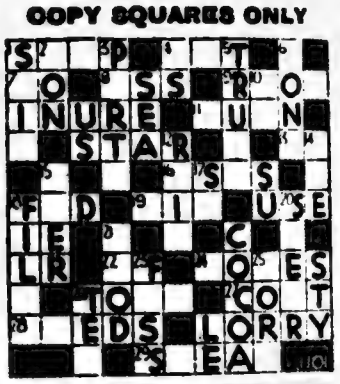
WINNING SQUARE

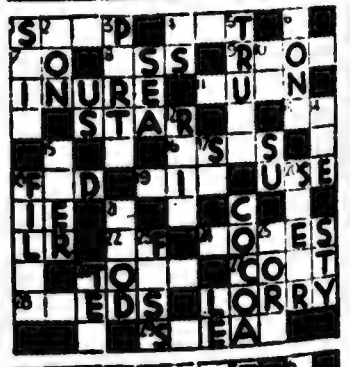


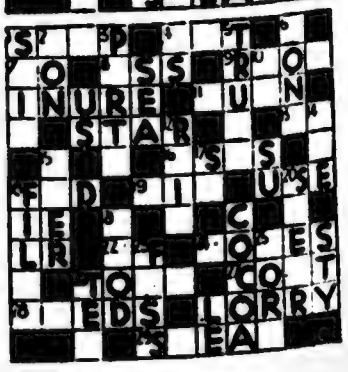
The Adjudication Committee decided that the most apt and accurate Answers used by competitors were those seen in the Square on left.

Reasons for Committee's findings will appear in next week's "Crossword Gazette," complimentary copy of which can be obtained by using coupon below.

COPY SQUARES ONLY







READ THESE RULES

1.—Complete Puzzle in ordinary ink, not copying-ink or copying-ink pencil. Cut out the whole Entry Form whether both puzzle squares are used or not. Entry-fee for one coupon (two squares) is SIXPENCE. For two coupons (four squares) send ONE SHILLING. Make Postal Order payable to Odhams Press Ltd., and cross it /& Co./; write name and address and date of posting on back of P.O. and fill in the number upon Entry Form. Entry Form to be posted as directed (not delivered by hand), to reach us not later than Saturday, March 26, 1938.

2.—In addition to two sixpenny Entry Forms from "John Bull," each entrant may submit SIX EXTRA SIXPENNY ENTRY FORMS, provided these are taken from "John Bull's" free weekly "Crossword Gazette" or any other announcement of this Competition. Thus each entrant is limited to 8 Entry Forms (16 squares in all) and Entry-fee of 4s.

Should any single letter square be left blank, contain a letter which is not clear, or altered, or not given in ink, the corresponding properly indicated letter on adjoining Entry-square will be regarded as entrant's intended letter for both Entry-squares. If entrant's answer cannot be so decided, or such flaws occur in more than one letter square, Entry-square concerned will be disqualified, as will any mutilated coupon.

No responsibility is accepted for any entry lost, delayed, not delivered, or mislaid, and no correspondence will be entered into.

3.—Winner and winning Puzzle Square will appear in "John Bull" on sale Thursday, April 7. Should any competitor not announced as a winner believe that he entered a coupon eligible for a share of the First Prize he must demand a scrutiny by first post, Tuesday, April 12, in accordance with the directions given with result and enclosing £1 Scrutiny Fee. Any such scrutiny which may amend the result must be accepted as final. No scrutiny can be conducted in connection with the Runners-up Prize or Surprise Awards. Accordingly, entries are accepted only on condition that the result of our double adjudication establishing these winners is regarded as final. Merit is established according to the total number of Answers to Clues, both Across and Down, which agree with the winning Puzzle Square.

4.—Should the First Prize be shared, £600 Cash will be paid instead of the Two-in-one Award.

5.—Failure to comply with any of the Rules and Conditions involves disqualification.

6.—Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and members of their families are not eligible to compete.

TERMS AND CONDITIONS ON PAGE 27.

ADDRESS ENTRY CROSSWORD No. 101, "JOHN BULL," 57, LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)

TO NEW READERS

May we send you a complimentary copy of "John Bull's" weekly "Crossword Gazette," the best possible aid to success? Post this coupon in halfpenny stamped envelope to "Bulletin" Dept., 39 Bedford Street, W.C.2 (OR ENCLOSE WITH "CROSSWORD" ENTRY).

You must affix ½d. Stamp here.

PLEASE USE BLOCK LETTERS

Name .....

Address .....

.....

Excursion

(Continued from page 38)

away on business. Murdoch was not expected to be home until late.

From his pocket he took a paper on which he had drawn roughly from memory the plan in Julia's handbag.

As far as he knew it was pretty accurate. An ability to memorise things of this nature was part of his job.

His mind went back to the written words: "To-morrow night. Ten-five."

He got up and went to the bar. The barman was reading a local paper.

★ ★ ★

"Still pretty quiet on the railway here, in spite of the changes," he said.

"Oh, I don't know, sir," said the barman. "All depends on what you call quiet."

"Not much night traffic, for instance."

"Well, there's a tidy bit towards dawn."

"What time's the next train down from Truro?"

"Five o'clock to-morrow morning."

"I see. And the next one up?"

"The midnight, sir."

"There are no trains in or about ten o'clock, I suppose?"

"None, sir."

Teddie went back to his seat. Another blank. He was just about to sit down when the door opened and a youngish man hurried in.

Although some years had passed Teddie recognised him immediately. It was Charles Murdoch.

"So here you are," shouted Murdoch gaily. "I heard you'd called at my place, and I've been looking for you. Thought I'd find you in the local pub."

★ ★ ★

They shook hands.

"Let's have a drink, and then we'll go home and eat. I'm terribly sorry I was out, but I've had a devil of a day. Those blokes from London, you know."

"*What* blokes from London?"

"I'll tell you," said Murdoch, lowering his voice. "I'm working on the Government scheme down here—munitions. We've had all the big shots of the Government and people down here for the trials of the new A.A. gun. What a gang—all our greatest engineering and organising experts. They've just gone."

"Gone where?"

"Back to London by special train. That train's carrying all the biggest armaments brains in this country."

Teddie seized Murdoch's arm, his eyes ablaze with excitement.

"What time was the train scheduled?" he gasped.

"Five past ten," said Murdoch.

The door of the pub was flung open, and the local plain-clothes man rushed in. He came straight to Teddie.

"I'm sorry, sir. That lady—she's slipped me. A car drew up outside the hotel and she came down, got in and drove away before I could do anything."

Teddie pulled the rough plan from his pocket and gave it to Murdoch.

"Quickly," he said. "Have you ever seen anything like this?"

Murdoch studied the paper.

"I don't think so," he said. "Why, yes! I've got it. It's the signal cabin and the viaduct over the river about seven miles up the line."

★ ★ ★

Teddie snatched the paper.

"Get your car," he shouted.

"It's outside."

"Then come along, man. This is a matter of life and death!"

Two minutes later Charles Murdoch's car was tearing along the road.

"Step on it!" gasped Teddie.

Inside the Pullman on the special train, four engineering specialists played bridge.

"Three no trumps," said one of them.

"High bidding," remarked a spectator.

"I always call my hand," was the reply.

With a rasping of brakes Murdoch drew up outside the signal box. They had beaten the train by three-quarters of a mile. Teddie and the plain-clothes man jumped out.

"Quick!" he shouted. "Get that woman."

It was Julia coming down the steps of the cabin. "Look out!" she screamed, as the plain-clothes man grabbed her.

Two men were following her down the steps.

"Stand back," shouted the first, drawing a revolver.

Teddie had to make a quick decision. He could hear the train in the distance. He'd have to chance it.

He rushed up the steps at the man, who fired. Teddie felt the bullet whistle past his ear.

He closed with the man and seized the revolver. Murdoch was close behind him.

The second man jumped from the step and disappeared.

"Hold that," snarled Teddie, swinging a swift uppercut at his opponent. The fellow dropped like a log.

Followed by Murdoch, Teddie dashed up the steps and into the signal cabin. Just as he had thought. There was the signalman lying bound and gagged on the floor. Teddie pulled the cloth from his face.

★ ★ ★

"Quickly, sir," screamed the signalman, "the points! They've set 'em so that the special will go over the embankment and into the river. Pull the lever over."

"Which one?" shouted Teddie. The roar of the approaching train was deafening.

"That one," yelled the signalman, "there!"

Teddie grasped the lever. Hell! the weight of it! Clang! Had he done it? Yes.

The special train with England's entire "first team" of mechanical and munition experts aboard, swung over the viaduct and roared away towards the metropolis.

★ ★ ★

Inside the Pullman the first hand of bridge was ended.

"Bad luck, partner," said one of the players, "but for that finesse we might have had a grand slam."

Special Pools Service

(by "Poolex")

DESPITE the popularity of the penny pools, there are many punters who prefer the better chances and, consequently, smaller returns of the pools which allow a choice of matches.

My favourite is the 5-results pool, and judging by the number of ideas which readers submit to me for this pool, many of you share my preference.

Too often, however, these ideas are attempts to make mathematical tables a complete substitute for forecasting skill. This cannot be done profitably.

A common error is to use a limited permutation, designed for use in penny pools, as the basis of an entry for the 5-results pool. As is well known, the 243 lines needed for complete 3-way cover of 5 matches can be cut down to 27 lines which will guarantee 4 correct out of 5, whatever the results are.

But, as the 5-results pool pays only one dividend, invariably shared by the all-correct lines, a permutation guaranteeing 4 correct is of no value at all. As a general rule I do not recommend permutation methods for selective pools. In the penny pools it may be necessary to use 2- or 3-way cover for some or all of the matches, but to apply this principle to the pools which provide a choice of matches is wasteful, as I shall show.

Suppose, for instance, in the 5-results you make three selections outright and fully permute two other matches in nine lines. If these three bankers are correct, which with average forecasting skill is about a 7 to 1 chance, you will have one correct line, but you cannot have more. The other eight permuted lines must be wrong.

But in eight lines it is possible to combine one forecast for each of nine games in groups of five, so that a winning line is guaranteed if any seven forecasts are correct. Here is the table:—

P	P	P	P	P	-	-	-	
P	P	P	-	-	P	P	-	
P	-	-	P	P	P	P	-	
P	P	-	P	-	P	-	P	
-	-	P	-	P	P	-	P	
-	P	-	-	P	P	P	-	
P	P	-	-	P	-	-	P	
-	-	P	P	-	-	P	P	
-	-	P	P	-	-	P	P	

"P" represents the forecast for each match.

Now, with the same average forecasting skill as above, the chances of getting at least seven correct are about 10 to 1, slightly longer odds than by the permutation method, but there is an important difference.

Using the permutation method, one error in your bankers means the failure of all nine lines, and the most you can hope for is one correct line.

If you use the above table, the eight lines not only guarantee a winning line, even with two errors, but, if you manage to get all nine forecasts correct, then every one of these lines is a winner. Moreover, even with four errors in your forecasts you still have eight chances of a winning line, although not guaranteed.

This is why I recommend covering yourself for error by taking different *groups* of matches, rather than by using different *forecasts* for the *same* match.

In the table above you will see that the first four forecasts are used in one more line than the remainder are. These forecasts should be those which you are most certain about. Used in this way, this eight-line entry has good winning chances.

Graded Guide by "Poolex" (copyright)

Below are the games to be played on Saturday, March 19, not in the customary categories of League Divisions, but specially arranged to form a Graded Guide to the likely results of these matches. Six performances of each team have been assessed by awarding points for each performance on its merits.

Thus the likeliest Home Winners to choose from are at the top of the list. To pick likely Away Winners make your choice from those at the end.

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF HOME TEAM.

88	Celtic v. Third Lanark.	28	Reading v. Torquay.	16	Swindon v. Northampton.
61	Exeter v. Walsall.	27	Hibernian v. St. J'stone.	15	Aston V. v. Bury.
55	Sunderland v. Chelsea.	20	Crystal P. v. Clapton O.	14	Fulham v. Stockport.
42	Lincoln v. Rochdale.	24	Derby v. Charlton.	12	Blackpool v. Leeds.
41	Leicester v. Portsmouth.	23	S'thampton v. Newcastle.	10	Everton v. Middlesbrough.
40	Wolves v. Stoke.	22	Hull v. Rotherham.	8	Notts C. v. Southend.
35	Arsenal v. Grimsby.	21	Oldham v. Carlisle.	6	Gateshead v. Accrington.
31	Crewe v. York.	20	Barrow v. Bradford C.	2	Millwall v. Mansfield.
29	West Ham v. Notts F.	19	Cowdenb'th v. R. Stirling.	1	Darlington v. Halifax.
29	Wrexham v. Southport.	18	Kilmarnock v. Ayr U.		

POINTS IN FAVOUR OF AWAY TEAM.

Bolton v. W.B.A.	1	Queen's P. v. Hearts.	15	Gillingham v. Cardiff.	30
Bristol C. v. Brighton.	2	Brentford v. Liverpool.	16	Falkirk v. Rangers	32
Hudd'rsf'ld v. Birmingh'm.	6	Plymouth v. Man. Un.	17	St. B'nards v. Motherwell	34
Swansea v. Tottenham.	7	Blackburn v. Luton.	18	Manchester C. v. Preston.	46
Hamilton v. Morton.	9	New Brighton v. Chester.	19	Watford v. Bournemouth.	50
Port V. v. Tranmere.	10	East Fife v. Raith R.	20	Chesterfield v. Sheff. Un.	64
Sheffield W. v. Barnsley.	11	Aldershot v. Bristol R.	22	Bradford v. Coventry.	65
Norwich v. Burnley.	12	Newport v. Q.P.R.	23	Montrose v. Airdrie.	76
Hartlepools v. Doncaster.	13	Albion R. v. Dumbarton.	25		
Brechin C. v. Alloa.	14	Dundee U. v. Stenhouse.	26		

THE PRUDENTIAL ASSURANCE CO. LTD.

Points from the Speech of

SIR EDGAR HORNE, Bart.

Chairman of the Company, at the 89th Annual General Meeting held at Holborn Bars, London E.C.1, 10th March, 1938.

Comparisons with 10 Years Ago

	1927	1937
Ordinary Branch Income	£15,600,000	£20,300,000
Industrial Branch Income	£22,420,000	£31,000,000
General Branch Income	£1,700,000	£2,900,000
Total Assets	£209,000,000	£339,000,000

The Year's Work

NEW BUSINESS. In the Ordinary Branch the new sums assured were £32,457,000, the largest amount of new business in the history of the Company.

PRUDENTIAL OVERSEAS. New sums assured through Overseas branches exceeded £8,000,000.

WAGE-EARNERS' ASSURANCE. In the Industrial Branch the amount received in premiums increased by £940,000. The amount paid in claims by death or maturity of endowments was £10,774,000, an increase of £2,628,000 compared with 1936. Bonus additions to claims and surrenders during the year amounted to over £2,361,000. The expenses of the Industrial Branch were brought down to 22.7 per cent. of the premiums.

POLICYHOLDERS' BONUSES. The rates of reversionary bonuses in the Ordinary Branch are maintained at £2.6.0 per cent. for Whole Life and £2.0.0 per cent. for Endowment Assurances, and in the Industrial Branch at £1.12.0 per cent. for policies in Great Britain and Northern Ireland.

NATIONAL HEALTH BENEFITS. Through the Prudential Approved Societies, with their membership of 3,700,000, a sum of £4,656,000 was expended on benefits. Dental benefit alone cost £344,000.

BRITISH ASSETS. Over 81 per cent. of the assets are invested in the United Kingdom. Only 8.8 per cent. of the assets are invested outside the Empire.

Total Income Exceeds £1,000,000 A WEEK

Don't scold her, mother

... it's the result of constipation!

A child that is always cross and peevish is a trial for any mother. But it is amazing what a change in the temper a few bed-time doses of 'California Syrup of Figs' will make. This delicious fruity laxative puts new life into the sluggish bowels where other opening medicines simply leave them worse bound than ever.

If your child tries your patience get a bottle of 'California Syrup of Figs' and give a dose at bed-time. In the morning the sour, irritating, bilious waste is cleared away and the kiddie's temper will be as sweet as its little inside.

CALIFORNIA SYRUP of FIGS

In bottles at 1/3 and 2/6 (economy size). Be sure to get 'California Syrup of Figs' brand. Recommended by all doctors.

CHILDREN'S STOMACH-ACHE

By Dr. F. B. Scott, M. D., Paris

Although every mother realises that she is responsible for the health of her children, I often come across cases where parents have neglected those apparently unimportant little attacks of 'tummy ache.' Children's stomach troubles should *never* be neglected, otherwise their health may be permanently affected.

In many cases acidity due to over-hasty eating is the trouble. To give the child immediate relief; I recommend a small dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia, the standard antacid. Keep up the treatment for a few days, and keep the child off rich foods. At the same time, teach it to eat *slowly*. Bad teeth, wrong diet and over-excitement also cause stomach trouble. Almost invariably acidity results, and a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia soon puts this right. Should the gastric trouble persist, keep up the 'Bisurated' Magnesia treatment and consult your doctor.

Note: 'Bisurated' Magnesia—referred to by Dr. Scott—is available at all chemists at 6d., 1/3 and 2/6.

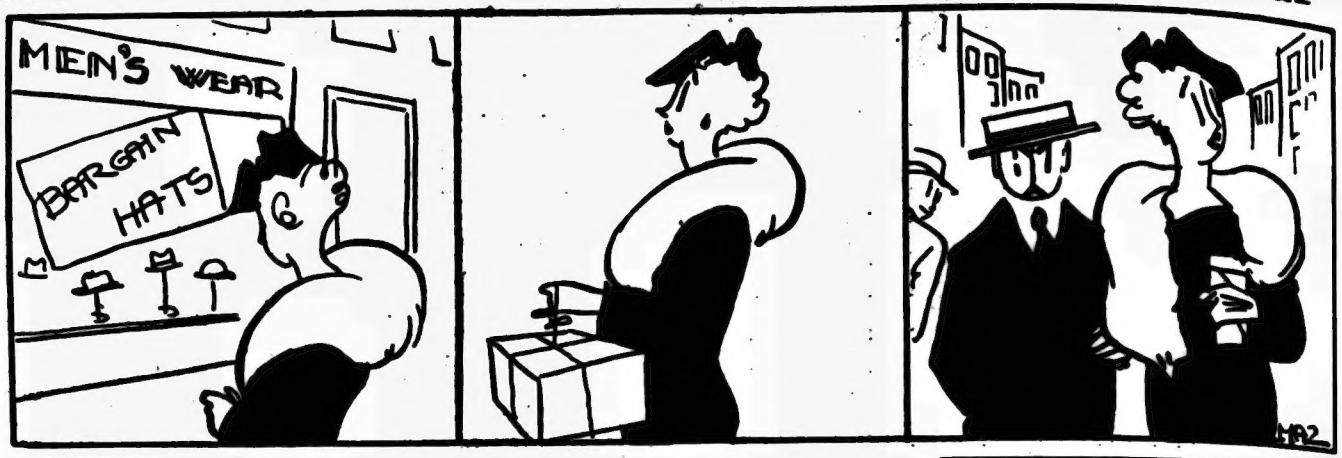
OH MY FEET!

There is no need to suffer another day with tender aching feet and corns that stab and shoot. Just plunge them nightly in a 'Reudel' footbath. Corns are loosened so that they can be lifted *right out* and aches and pains go like magic.

REUDEL

BATH SALTS (10 oz.) 1/6

Dad . . . Gets a Bargain by Maz



"Bullets" Illustrated: When Father Played Darts Miles Out—Inches In!

BILL (Streatham).—"I have obtained my colours in the ice-hockey team." Black and blue?

B. T. (Bungay).—"I believe in buying a second-hand car and spending the difference." In railway fares?

B. M. (Henley).—"The Boat Race crews are a lot of care-free fellows." But they will soon be having their trials.

D. F. G. (Lyme Regis).—"What is the Order of the Bath?" Father first, then mother, and the kids last.

F. N. V. (London, N.).—"I have lately adopted a sedentary occupation." Learning to skate?

V. M. (Grantham).—"He refused to speak to me any more because he'd lost all he had." And you'd had all he'd lost?

T. C. (Leicester).—"Mannequins wear out silk stockings very quickly indeed." Well, they're on their feet a lot.

Mrs. D. (Swanley).—"What do you think he wanted for his dog kennel?" A dog.

C. H. (Byfleet).—"I have found that petrol will remove any spots." What about a leopard's?

MAJOR (Swindon).—"As soon as I got to the party I dived into the whisky." And then your head began to swim?

Mrs. K. (Brighton).—"After twenty years I am still much in love with my husband, and write to him every day when he is away from me." Whether you require money or not?

R. M. (Droitwich).—"It was well worth the admission price to see the three-quarters go from one end of the field to the other at top speed." You had a good run for your money.

Your Film Star Vote

Your votes for the actor and actress who, in your opinion, gave the best screen performances in 1937's films may result in their receiving a Gold Medal of Merit.

The award of this public ballot—now organised for the sixth successive year—is a recognised reflection of filmgoers' appreciation of good acting.

Stars, studios, executives and all connected with film-making, carefully study the results of this ballot.

Use your vote now. You can see full details of the ballot and awards—as well as having the latest [illegible] and news of all the stars and st[illegible]ght before you—in the *Pictur*[illegible]t, 2d.

The Editor Laughs Last

"Do sharks ever go to sleep, Bill?"
(From "The Passing Show.")

C. C. (London, N.W.).—"I have written a play into which I have put a lot of thought." Whose?

J. K. (Burton).—"What exactly does the Government stand for?" Just what the electors will fall for.

C. M. G. (Ipswich).—"A counterfeiter was very neatly duped recently." Paid in his own coin?

S. G. (Tipton).—"Experience has shown me that window-cleaners are generally very cheerful fellows." They certainly brighten one's outlook.

G. H. T. (York).—"The angler got very rattled because I stopped to watch him for a while." Eventually telling you to sling your hook?

EDUCATIONIST (Seaford).—"Every university expects its students to turn out to be gentlemen." Unless, of course, they happen to be feminine undergraduates.

L. M. (Diss).—"I claim to be the first person to be stung by a wasp this year." Good! Now we can concentrate on hearing that first cuckoo.

J. N. (Rotherham).—"Steeplejacks have to be trusted to do their job thoroughly." It's certainly difficult to overlook their work.

N. V. (Bolton).—"After two months in bed I found the doctor's bill was a perfect knock-out." So you had difficulty in getting on your feet, eh?

HISTORIAN (Chelsea).—"In my opinion, the lost books of Euclid are in Palestine." And, as our young nephew points out, that is about the right distance away.

H. C. (Plymstock).—"A lot of disagreement crept in directly we started to discuss the question whom we should ask to kick-off in a charity match." That set the ball rolling.

A. L. (Ashford).—"Do you think it possible for me to study astronomy in my back garden without a telescope?" Well, you may discover a brilliant constellation of new stars if you happen to tread on a rake in the dark.

IF you are troubled by any matter—except, of course, of a medical nature—you can obtain free expert advice that will help you. A stamped and addressed envelope is all that you have to send with your query. Write to-day, marking your envelope "Free Advice." The replies given here to facetious correspondents are for your entertainment.

T. H. (Durham).—"With a saucepan handy a woman has a ready means of defence." And attack.

F. M. (Kettering).—"After all, what has the girl of eighteen at her finger-tips nowadays?" Tinted nails, generally.

R. M. (Truro).—"What is more welcome after a long day in the saddle than a hot bath?" A cushion, very often.

P. B. (Hendon).—"Ear troubles often result from not keeping the mouth shut." Especially thick ears.

L. H. (Oxford).—"March is a bad month for catching colds." Then all the more credit to us for having caught one.

TWIDDLER (Preston).—"My radio has been making the most insane noises lately." Probably a screw loose somewhere.

I. P. (Staines).—"When his house caught fire the other day a well-known wrestler quickly checked the flames." He soon got a grip on them, eh?

A. J. (Croydon).—"The man told my wife a yarn that I had ordered the furniture, so she accepted it." She took it all in.

O. B. (Fareham).—"When I told the shop assistant I'd like to try on the dress in the window, what do you think he remarked?" That you'd have to try it on in a private room.

E. G. R. (Godalming).—"A man told me you can't win a big prize in BULLETS until you've won lots of smaller ones." And you swallowed that? Now digest truth of the matter, provided by Mrs. Sutherland's £500 success reported on opposite page.

R. G. (Banbury).—"In the middle of his first duty of sorting out the morning letters, my office-boy had the audacity to break off and ask me for a rise." So you ordered him back to his post.

H. G. (Ealing).—"The recent European crisis has meant a lot of extra work for Government officials." Yes, the other day we saw one who looked as if he had been awake all day.

B. J. (Hull).—"Half-way through the erection of my new house, trouble with the scaffolding has arisen, and the architect tells me he will have to revise his plans." Meanwhile, we suppose, the building is being held up.

(Many replies unavoidably held over)

Side-Slips

Examples of unconscious humour from the current Press are welcomed. Actual cuttings must be sent. 2/6 is paid to the sender of each item published. Mark envelope "Side-Slips." When the same "slip" is submitted by more than one person, that which arrived with the earliest postmark receives the award.

DUNDEE COURIER AND ADVERTISER:—"Magdo ran like a HARE . . ."

EBBW VALE WEEKLY ARGUS:—"The couple have a family of nine children, three sons and six CHILDREN."

WEEKLY BARRY HERALD:—"The bride's going away ensemble consisted of a blackberry FLAVOUR coloured coat . . ."

YORKSHIRE EVENING NEWS:—". . . to continue the use of TRAMPS in preference to changing to trolley-buses or petrol-buses."

THE CARMARTHEN JOURNAL:—". . . praising the squire and his young bride and wishing them all joy and PROPERTY."

DAILY TELEGRAPH:—". . . must be interested in mental, physical, HYSTERICAL welfare of boys."

BURTON DAILY MAIL:—"The Minister then made a speech which had to be CURTAINED."

FINE EASTER FIRST PRIZE for a "BULLET"

£500 plus EASTER HAMPER

and

50 BIG FAMILY EASTER HAMPERS

£50	£25	£10
£9	£8	£7	£6	£5
£4	10 of £3	

30 EASTER HAMPERS	250 PRIZES OF 2/6
1,000 30-POINT MYSTERY PRIZES	2,000 20-POINT MYSTERY PRIZES
3,000 10-POINT MYSTERY PRIZES	ALL AWARDS INCLUDE £175 Surprise

ONE WEEK ONLY SAT. MAR 26

"BULLETS" No. 1,109 RESULT

THE £500 First Prize in *Bullets* No. 1,104 was the first prize ever won by the plucky Scotswoman you see above. "Times have been very difficult," she told JOHN BULL, describing her hard fight to feed four growing children and an unemployed husband. "Now this great news has changed my whole outlook."

Enter the best *Bullet* this week and *your* whole outlook will be changed by the arrival of a £500 fortune and giant Hamper for Easter.

First Prize of £506 Cash

H. R. GAZE, 34, Wall Road, Norwich, Norfolk.

Example: OUR OFFICE-BOY THINKS
Bullet: I'M "HITLER"—AND "JEW"!

SECOND PRIZE £56:

Mrs. M. JENNETT, Sandall Croft, College Avenue, Scarthoe, Grimsby.
Example: Wealth Of Happiness
Bullet: "Millions Alone" Never Attain.

THIRD PRIZE £31:

A. RILEY, 28, Williamson Street, Liverpool.
Example: Life Demands
Bullet: Fighter's Chin—Peacemaker's Tongue.
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

17 £6 WINNERS:

W. J. DENMARK, 83, High Street, Welling, Kent.
When Dad Said "No!"—Only Wasted *One* Word!

C. EGERTON, 46, Monks Park Avenue, Bristol.
To-morrow's Problem—Struggled With—*Sleep* "Defeated."

E. GIBSON, 3, Queen Street, Twyford, Hants.
More Cars—But Less "Lift, Chum?"

W. P. JENKINS, 39, Davies Street, Porth, Rhondda.
Mother's Purse—Snapped—Dad Mentioned "Dogs."
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

A. E. JOHNSON, 9, Hawthorn View, Chapel Allerton, Leeds.
Always Hoping—Peace May *Happen*, Geneva!

T. JONES, 32, Greenfield Terrace, Troedyrhiw.
Above The Din—Warmongers Hear Chink! Chink!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

B. MACKENZIE, 27, Tomnahurich Street, Inverness.
Woman's Opportunity—Studying *Politics*! "Window," Too.

L. McKAY, c/o Hadden, 12, Lambhill Street, Glasgow.
Dripping With Blood—Once, Her "Beautiful Furs."

J. R. MAYN, 243, Ilford Lane, Ilford.
Profits Soar, But—Rise? Impossible—Expecting Slump!

J. MILLER, 134, Burghead Drive, Glasgow.
In Matrimony's School—New Arrival, Howling "Teacher"!
(Entered on Prize coupon.)

J. ROBERTS, 30, Mayfield Road, Bickley, Kent.
Britain's Sons—"Inherit" While Britain *Lives*.

H. SELLER, White Gate Farm, Morton, Thornbury, Bristol.
Hitler's Goal—How The Cowed Cheer!

F. W. STUCKEY, 18b, Spring Gardens, Weymouth.
He's The Boss, So—When Liverish, *Gives* "Pill."

Miss T. TALBOT, 88, Daubney Street, Cleethorpes.
Our Business—Going Ahead—Gone, Headaches.

G. TIDY, 54, Boswall Terrace, Granton, Edinburgh.
To Help—Eve Sent—Ease Went!

Mrs. M. WALSH, 66, Windermere Road, Kendal.
What I've Seen—And Whom—Or "Scene"!

D. WHITTINGHAM, "Berkeley," Winsford Gardens, Westcliff-on-Sea.
Man Who Fails—Oftener Than The Brakes.

A list of 89 10s. and 500 2s. 6d. winners can be seen at these offices.

The original cheque for £500 awarded to the First Prize-winner in Competition No. 1,103 will be displayed in the window of Mr. H. H. Warr, 137, Stratford Road, Shirley, Warwickshire.

HOW TO WIN

Jot down a few *Examples*, and to each one add all the ideas it suggests.

Now, a *Bullet* must consist of TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment closely linked with the chosen *Example*, so your next step should be to polish up your rough notes.

Suppose, for instance, that against the *Example* CITY OF THE FUTURE you had scribbled *Well Planned But Lacking Children*. This you could easily improve to the typical *Bullet*, CITY OF THE FUTURE — GARDEN — BUT "FLOWERS" MISSING?

Your have only a few days in which to win one of this week's big cheques and Easter Hampers, so turn to the *Examples* as soon as you have studied the leading efforts in *Bullets* 1,109th Contest which appear on this page. Moreover, remember that your entry must be posted on or before Saturday, March 26.

★ NEW SERVICE FOR READERS

With your *Bullets* entry you may now enclose a Crossword entry, with single Postal Order sufficient to cover both entry-fees, thus saving 2½d. on poundage and postage.

Make Postal Order payable to "John Bull," address joint entry envelope "Crossword No. 101 and 'Bullets' No. 1,113," "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2, marking it "C. and B" in top left hand corner.

Closing postmark of Saturday, March 26, allowed for such combined entries, thus providing Crossworders with extra day if also entering for *Bullets*.

To any prize of £5 or over won in Crosswords or *Bullets* this week with a coupon forming part of an entry in the same name and address under this Combined Entry Plan, "John Bull" will add a £5 Bonus on application.

FREE HELP

For post-free complimentary copy of JOHN BULL'S free Weekly *Bullets Bulletin and Crossword Gazette*, the finest help available for Competitions, send postcard to *Bulletin* Dept., 30, Bedford Street, London, W.C.2.

Add 2, 3 or 4 words to any "Example."

TAXPAYER'S POCKET
TO CAPTURE TRADE
STRANGLING GENEVA
WHEN MEN ARE WANTED
CITY OF THE FUTURE
NOW I'VE A PARTNER
NATURE'S CARPET
IN FAME'S GALLERY
DUPED
AFTER WHAT'S HAPPENED
UNDER PRESSURE
IF WOMEN FOUGHT
HE SAW HIS CHANCE AND
BIT MY HEAD OFF
GOOD CATCH
HAD HIS DAY
PRECIOUS TO HER
AUNTIE'S GAS-MASK
SPYING OUT THE LAND
NEIGHBOURS' KIDS
LOST SIGHT OF
HONESTLY
HE WAS THRIFTY, SO
TOO LONG
TO IMPROVE THE FORCE
NOTHING IN IT
HIDDEN
MY CHOICE
LIKE A SCARECROW
VILLAGE HITLER
DESERVES THE CAT
WHEN THE BUGLE CALLS

GIANT EASY-TO-ENTER COUPON — SAT. MAR 26

EXAMPLE _____

BULLET _____

EXAMPLE _____

BULLET _____

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 1 Coupon send P.O. for 6d.

Signed .....

Address .....

GIANT EASY-TO-ENTER COUPON — SAT. MAR 26

EXAMPLE _____

BULLET _____

EXAMPLE _____

BULLET _____

P.O. No. .....

I agree to enter in accordance with the rules announced on this page. With 2 Coupons send P.O. for 1s.

Signed .....

Address .....

Should you wish to enter further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper.

ENTRY-FEE.—Enclose a Postal Order with your entry at the rate of 6d. for each Coupon submitted. This should be made payable to "John Bull" and crossed "& Co."

NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the newsagents from whom the chief winners in "Bullets" No. 1,113 usually purchase "John Bull."

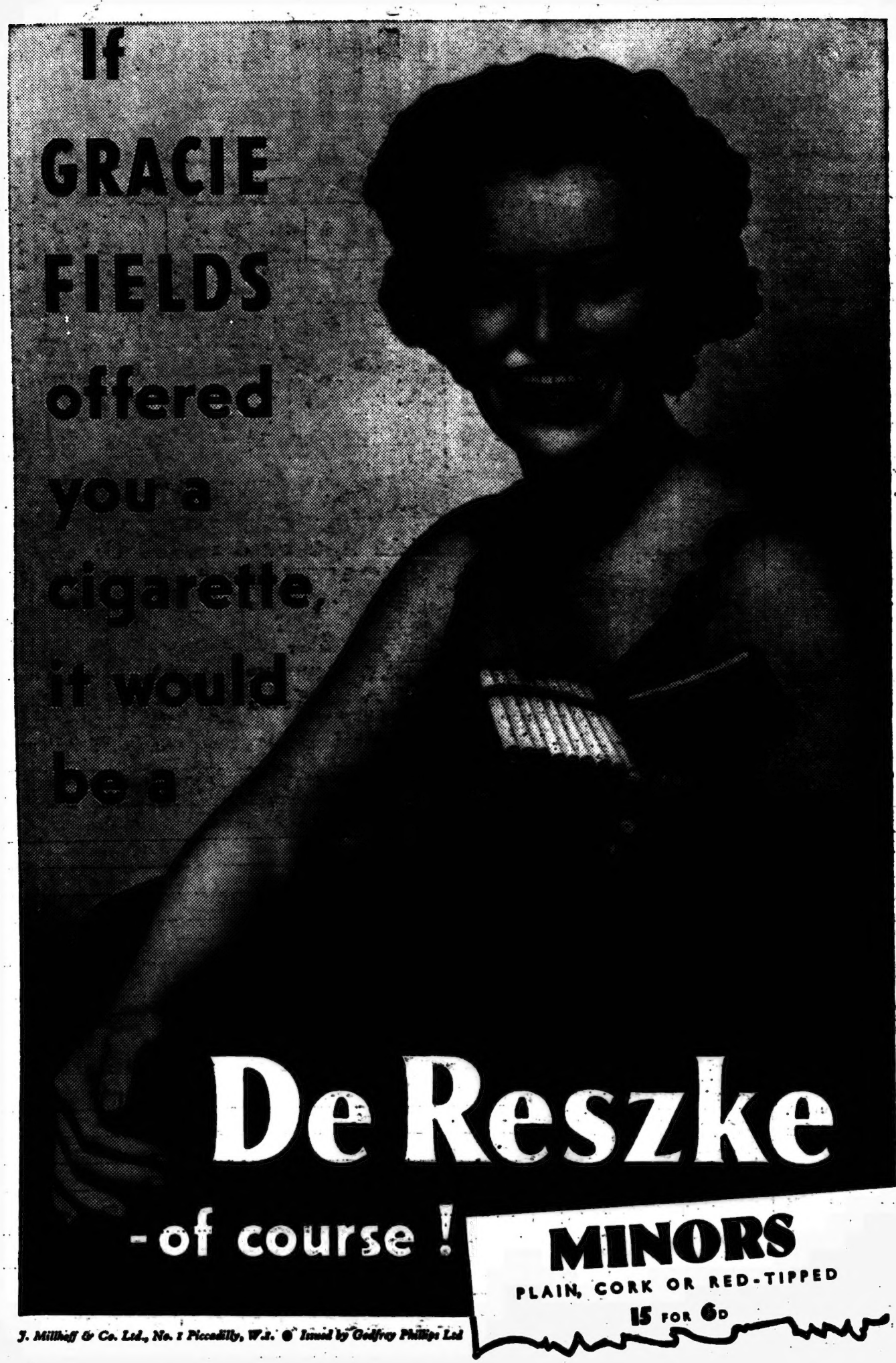
READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what, in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor, is the best Bullet received and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL and crossed /& Co./. Entrant's name, address and date of posting must be written on back of postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd. and their families are not eligible.

Address Entry: "Bullets" No. 1,113, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C 2 (Comp.)



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